

THE MONTH

JULY, 1868.



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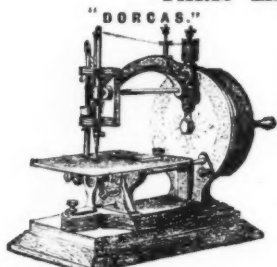
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The Catholic Colleges and the University of London.

As the University of London was for many years the only University in England where Catholics could obtain a degree, and is still the only one where Catholics stand on an absolute equality with all others, in respect to such emoluments as it offers, it is not surprising that our Catholic Colleges should have been among the first to seek affiliation to it, and should have constantly supplied a considerable number of candidates for its degrees. After having been cut off for centuries from all comparison or competition with their educated countrymen, Catholics were naturally glad to take advantage of the first opportunity offered them of measuring themselves with others ; and this, not only with the view of resuming the position due to their intelligence and their culture, but also from a desire of testing the results of an educational system which had too long been driven into holes and corners by the intolerance of past times. Every one knows, who cares to know, that as far as the experiment tells at all, its results have been entirely satisfactory. The students of the Catholic colleges have shown themselves not inferior to their Protestant competitors in most subjects, and decidedly superior to them in some. It is especially in the Classical Honours Lists of the University of London that the names of Catholic students are seen high up, often at the very head of the list. They have consequently attained a high reputation in this point at the University, evidenced not only by the encomiums passed on them by the examiners, but also by the anxiety sometimes manifested by other intending candidates to discover whether any one from such and such a Catholic College was likely to stand against them. As far then as the experiment tells at all, it tells satisfactorily for Catholics.

But we must confess that a question has been for some years forcing itself upon us, as to how far the experiment does tell. Of course it tells us something, but does it tell us all we expected to learn from it? It tells us, no doubt, that our Catholic education is certainly not inferior to that of the schools with which the London University brings us into contact, but it tells us nothing whatever of the position our schools hold with respect to those who never meet us on that ground. Are there then any schools which do not send candidates to the University of London? Emphatically, there are, and those the highest schools in the kingdom. The London Examinations are open to all comers: all are invited to come and be tested, though not taught, by this University of a new type; but all do not accept the invitation. Dr. Carpenter, the Registrar of the London University, speaks clearly enough on this point in his evidence before the Schools Inquiry Commission.

842 With regard to the nine schools that were under the previous commission, can you tell us what proportion of your candidates have come from those nine schools?—Very few indeed: it was quite an exception to have any from the great public schools.

843 Have you ever had one from Eton?—Yes, one or two; only one or two. That was where there was a special object in coming up, as for instance the medical profession.

There are more reasons than one for this abstention on the part of the public schools. In the first place, London came too late. The public schools had long been indissolubly connected with the ancient Universities, which suited their studies and provided magnificent emoluments for their best men. Secondly, the very object with which the London University was established, to give an opportunity of gaining degrees to those who were still excluded from Oxford and Cambridge, that is to Dissenters of all denominations, was of itself enough to make the institution stink in the nostrils of those schools of orthodoxy, and all connected with them. Any public school man or university man, whose memory reaches back about thirty years, must well remember the feelings and expressions of

contempt and disgust with which any mention of *Stincomalee** was received. It was looked on as a radical invention for giving degrees to tag-rag and bob-tail ; and, as a necessary consequence, the *jeunesse dorée* of the aristocracy of letters would have nothing to do with such a republican device.

These reasons would have been quite enough to account for the public schools holding aloof from the London University at first ; but they are in their very nature likely to be weakened by time, and there can be no doubt that the contemptuous feelings alluded to have to a great extent worn away. But there is another and more fundamental obstacle which has hitherto prevented, and will probably continue to prevent, any *rapprochement* between the great public schools of England and the modern University of London, and that is the nature of its examinations. They do not suit the studies of these schools ; and we are inclined to think they never will, even though such changes in the school *curriculum* as are actually being made at Eton, and have been already introduced at Rugby, should be carried still further, and with success. Let us confine ourselves at present to the Matriculation Examination, to which no candidate is admitted until he has completed his sixteenth year, and which, if taken at all, would ordinarily be taken by a boy at the conclusion of his school course. Dr. Carpenter, in the evidence before mentioned gives a full description of the character of this examination.

735—What are the subjects embraced in that Examination ? The subjects are, in the first place, Classics, both Latin and Greek, with the grammar of those languages, and some amount of history : then a modern language, either French or German ; English, the grammatical structure of the language, and the power of writing correctly from dictation ; a moderate knowledge of English History and Modern Geography. Then, in addition, Mathematics, including the first four books of Euclid, Arithmetic up to fractions, Algebra up to simple equations ; and an elementary know-

* This unsavoury sobriquet was given at first to what is now called University College, which originally called itself the University of London. When however the State founded and chartered the present University, the opprobrious name was extended in its application.

ledge, such as might be acquired by attending a good class of experimental lectures, of Natural Philosophy, and Inorganic Chemistry as far as the non-metallic bodies are concerned.

736—Is it necessary for a candidate to be acquainted in some degree with all those subjects, or is any option given?—There is only an option between French and German; otherwise the candidate is required to pass to the satisfaction of the Examiners in all these subjects.

This is not the only occasion on which the questioner seems to express a certain degree of surprise at the number of subjects made obligatory at this examination. Lord Lyttelton, for instance, asks a little later;—"Has it ever occurred to the authorities of the University that the present list of subjects is too extensive?" To which question the reply is, that the matter has often been brought before the Senate, and that they have always determined by a large majority to adhere to their programme. So much with regard to the number of subjects; what about the stringency or severity of the examination? Dr. Carpenter tells us that at first the Senate did not think it safe to exact nearly as much as is now required. The amount of Euclid required has been quite trebled; Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, between which an option had been given, were both made obligatory. A higher standard is now exacted in several subjects. Formerly, if a candidate did well in Classics and Mathematics, this was allowed to compensate for deficiency in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy; but some nine years back the standard was made the same for *all* subjects, and the examiners were directed to reject candidates for Chemistry or Natural Philosophy alone, however well they were versed in other matters. Besides these changes towards a greater stringency, the standard of admission into the highest of the classes into which the successful candidates are divided has been raised at least twice: once by making three divisions instead of two, and then again by marking off those of the first division, who attained a certain standard, as "Honour men," and placing them in order of merit.

Now the character of our English public schools is essentially classical, and will unquestionably continue to

be so, notwithstanding the introduction of secondary subjects. It is, therefore, evident that an examination in which Classics are put on a level with seven other subjects is one which will not suit their studies, and will always be repugnant to their style of education. There is no chance then, while the London examinations remain what they are, of the public schools ever sending their boys to undergo them; and the question recurs, do these examinations answer the purpose of our higher Catholic colleges any more than they do that of the Protestant public schools? It is of course clear from what has been said, that the purpose of measuring ourselves with the best educated youth of the country is not answered at all, for the best educated never meet us on this ground. The schools whose pupils our boys meet at London are middle-class schools, Dissenting schools, and second-rate proprietary schools. This fact cannot be too much insisted on, for by ignoring it we should be likely to draw very erroneous inferences from the success of Catholic candidates at London. We may beat inferior competitors without showing that we are equal to the best. The following reply of the Rev. Father Kingdon, Prefect of Studies at Stonyhurst, to a complimentary remark of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners proves that this fact is not lost upon our scholastic authorities.

12,226. We have evidence with regard to the Matriculation Examination of the London University, that your boys come up better prepared than perhaps from any school in England with regard to classics. If there are particulars in your system to which you would attribute that success, we should be glad to hear them.—(Answer.) I should not myself lay any great stress on that fact, because you are no doubt aware that the first public schools of the country do not send their candidates to the London University; therefore it is not a competition against the whole of England, but it is mainly against second-class schools.

So far then as giving our Catholic youth the means of comparing themselves with students from first-class schools the examinations of the London University fail completely. Do they succeed better for us in other points? Do they suit our studies, taking these studies to be such as the best authorities among us hold they ought to be? Do they hold up a good standard for our boys to aim at,

and such that we can direct our *curriculum* to it with advantage to our education? We must confess to have formed a strong opinion on these questions, which would lead us to answer them one and all in the negative. The character of our higher education is essentially classical and literary, like that of the public schools, and the Matriculation Examination of London is essentially non-classical and non-literary. Its tendency consequently is to lower the aim of our education, and to swamp the liberal element in it by a multitude of details, each of which has an exaggerated importance attributed to it by the obligatory character of the examination. Looked upon as a test of what a boy's attainments should be at the close of his school course, the standard for classics is a great deal too low, while the standard in all the other subjects, except perhaps Mathematics and French, is a great deal too high. We must ask our readers' patience while we endeavour to make these statements good.

First, then, what is the character of the Matriculation Examination with regard to classics? A book is set some two years beforehand, generally a pretty easy book, in Latin and in Greek. This year, for instance, at the June Matriculation, the subjects appointed are Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Book II., and Horace's *Odes*, Books III. and IV. From these books, thus long set and prepared beforehand, two or three passages are given for translation, and a few grammatical, geographical, and historical questions are asked. More is made of Latin grammar than of Greek, as it forms the sole subject of a two hours' paper: but even in this no syntactical questions are set. A list of nouns to decline, and of verbs whose perfects and supines are asked for, one or two numerals, and half-a-dozen simple sentences to put into Latin, form the whole of the Latin grammar paper. We do not hesitate to say that, as a rule, there is scarcely anything in the classical part of the examination which a boy of fourteen at a good classical school could not do with ease; and yet this is put forward as a test of classical attainment for boys at the conclusion of their school course, to which they are not to be admitted till they are sixteen at least. They are to be kept therefore reading books like Xenophon and Ovid, when they

ought to be reading and enjoying Greek plays, Demosthenes and Tacitus; their attention is to be nailed to the minutiae of inflexions, when it ought to be centred on rhetorical figures, and other beauties of style and language; they are to be kept practising on detached sentences, like those in T. K. Arnold's preparatory books, when they ought to be doing original Latin Prose and Verse. Of course our educators will try to do as much of the higher work as possible; but what we complain of is, that the boys' attention should be distracted from these higher subjects by the necessity of keeping all that elementary knowledge, which they learnt years ago, up to examination-mark. For where the examination is partly competitive, as the Matriculation Examination is, this must necessarily be done. We complain again of the effect produced upon boys' minds by a presumed learned body, dignified with the name of a University, requiring no higher classical standard than this at the close of a school career. Boys are ever ready enough to suppose that too much is required of them, and it is not to be expected that they would overlook such a notable excuse for remaining at a far lower level than that to which their own instructors call them.

The case of the classics has been far worse the last five years. Up to that period, besides the pass examination for Matriculators, there were honour examinations in special subjects, viz., Classics, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural History; prizes or exhibitions being attached to each subject. While the classical honour examinations were continued, they compensated to a great extent for the low character of the pass classics. A certain inconvenience, however, was thought to attend these special honours. Cambridge men, good either at Classics or Mathematics, would come up, just scrape through the miscellaneous pass examination in London, and then easily walk away with the exhibitions for classical or mathematical honours. This inconvenience was met on the part of the Senate by what we take leave to call a most unwise and retrograde step. They abolished all honour examinations at Matriculation, transferred the title of honours to a certain standard of marks at the pass, and

gave all the emoluments, previously attributed to the separate honour subjects, to the first six candidates on the pass list. Now there were several other ways in which the inconvenience might have been met, without destroying the honours. A rule might have been made, and a most reasonable one it would have been, that no one should be eligible to prizes or exhibitions at the University of London to whom emoluments at any other University were open. Or again, it might have been proclaimed that none should be admitted to special honours but such as had attained a certain standard in the pass ; also a very reasonable regulation. Or, thirdly, the emoluments might have been transferred from the honours to pass, without destroying the honours : thus leaving the honours to be their own reward, as they are elsewhere. We know that these alternatives were suggested to the Senate ; for several of the Catholic Colleges protested strongly against the abolition of the special honours. A petition was presented from Stonyhurst, signed by nearly all who had ever graduated or matriculated from that College ; and the President of St. Edmund's added the weight of his protest against the scheme. It was all to no purpose: the Senate (like the visiting justices) "saw no reason to alter their determination." Yet the honour examinations had been in force from the commencement of the University, and there can be no doubt they formed an integral part of the original plan. But since then a new Pharaoh has arisen, a new Senate and a new Vice-Chancellor, who do not adhere to the ideas of their predecessors ; and the many changes that have been made of late years almost all point in the same direction, tending to weaken the classical and literary element, and develop the useful knowledge system. We have our fears moreover, that we have not yet seen the worst. When we find the Registrar of the University giving his opinion (Schools Inquiry Commission, Quest. 827), that it would be better to make Greek an *optional* subject at Matriculation, a lower depth opens before our astonished gaze, which we had not thought to be within the range of possibility.

Before leaving this question of the classics, we are almost obliged to notice a statement made, and an in-

ference drawn, by Dr. William Smith, classical examiner at London, in the evidence given by him before the Schools Inquiry Commission. The passage to which we allude occurs in his answer to the following question:—

971. Do you believe from your observation that the influence exercised by the University of London has been very beneficial to the cause of education?—(Answer.) I have no doubt of it. I can give many instances. I will, if you will allow me, first mention the case of the Catholic Colleges. There is at present a most excellent college in the north of England, called Stonyhurst College, conducted by the Jesuits. When the University of London was first founded, and the college was affiliated, I heard from my colleague Mr. Burcham, (I was not then examiner,) that the candidates they sent up for examination came up very ill prepared; so much so, that they were frequently rejected. They were withdrawn for a year or two, and after a lapse of some time they were sent exceedingly well prepared, so well prepared that I do not believe any of the boys in the sixth form of our public schools are better prepared. I do not think it is possible that they could have a better education given to them than Stonyhurst gives, and I attribute that very much to the influence of the University of London.

We think it due, both to the College and to Dr. Smith, that this allegation should not pass unnoticed. It will be seen that Dr. Smith does not speak on his own authority, as far as the unfavourable part of his statement goes; and every one knows how dangerous it is to draw inferences from the impressions of another person. Again, it will be seen that it is not directly stated that the Stonyhurst candidates came up ill-prepared in *Classics*. This is indeed implied; but we have reason to believe that the implication is a mistaken one. It is true, so we are told, that at first a good many of the Stonyhurst men were plucked; but it was from being ill-prepared in some of the other multifarious subjects. Several of these subjects were new to them as matters of systematic study; and the standard of examination was not known. In such a case, it was inevitable that there should be some disasters at first, until a little experience had been gained. On occasion of one of these disasters, however, one of the examiners (Dr. Jerrard, we believe) remarked that some of the Stonyhurst candidates who were plucked were fit to teach classics to all those who had passed. This

does not look as if they were rejected for their classics. It is true again, it seems, that no candidates were sent up for a couple of years; but here again, the implication that this was on account of the rejections, is a mistake. The truth is, we are informed, as follows. The candidates first sent up were from the year of Philosophy; they were young men, not boys. Their preparation, however, was found to interfere so much with the normal studies of their college course, that it was determined to take the Matriculation earlier, and prepare the school-boys of the highest class for it, instead of the young men who were studying Philosophy. This change perhaps involved a temporary cessation in the stream of candidates, and may thus account satisfactorily for what Dr. Smith attributes to a different motive.

What then have we to say to Dr. Smith's opinion that the education of the Catholic Colleges in general,* and of Stonyhurst in particular, has been much improved by the influence of the University of London? The only ground which he gives for his opinion we have shown to be mistaken; we may therefore be justified in saying, with all respect for so celebrated a censor, that his opinion on this point is not well founded. The wish probably, as so often happens, was father to the thought; and a desire to make out a good case for his University has perhaps made him too ready to see an improvement where there was really nothing to see but a change. That the influence of the London University has caused a certain change in the education of the Catholic Colleges is no doubt true; but Dr. Smith himself admits in a subsequent answer, that it is an open question, "which is the better course,—concentrating boys' attention on a few subjects, or teaching them a large number." As far as we have been able to judge, the majority, if not the entirety, of our higher Catholic teachers hold decidedly the former to be the better course; and they hold this after considerable experience of the other system, which is forced upon them as long as they send candidates to London. We hear from

* See his answer to Question 970, immediately preceding the answer quoted above.

every side loud expressions of dissatisfaction with the character of the London examinations, and with the style of studies which the passing of these examinations necessarily entails upon boys. Their literary studies are cut down to make room for the "'ologies;" and these again are so numerous that they interfere with each other as well as with higher matters. "Jack of all trades, and master of none," is an expression which does not seem to carry so much reproach now-a-days as formerly, when people used to admit as an important axiom the truth expressed in that old scholastic hexameter—

Pluribus intentus, minor est ad singula sensus.

This brings us to the other part of our thesis, that the standard for most of the other subjects required at the London Matriculation is as much too high as that for Classics is too low. We made an exception in the case of Mathematics and French, in which we do not think too much is required. But there remain English History, the English Language, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, in each of which a separate paper is set, which must be answered "to the satisfaction of the examiners." This Dr. Carpenter, in his evidence above referred to, interprets to mean—as far as the meaning can be defined—that three or four questions in the paper must be answered rightly by a candidate in order to pass. The papers, as any one who has had to do with them, either in the way of answering them or preparing others to answer them, knows well, are very searching; and the knowledge of this necessitates a minute and accurate study of the subjects, a good deal beyond what the mere programme of the examination would suggest. The range of the English History required is from the earliest period to the close of the seventeenth century; an enormous quantity for a school-boy to master and retain for a single examination, even if the questions were confined to the salient points: but it becomes simply preposterous when we find such minute, and we may say abstruse, knowledge asked for as is implied in the following questions:—

Enumerate the principal statutes on the subject of land, and the purport of each.

How has a given measure been made into law at various periods of our history?

Give a history of the ecclesiastical courts in England.

When and how were the potato, cotton, tea, and silk, introduced?

Distinguish between the Constitutions and the Assize of Clarendon.

Recount the events of the year 1587. What eminent writers were alive, and known by their works, in England, France, and Spain?

It may be said that a false idea is given by selecting a few questions here and there. We do not, however, by this selection intend to give an idea of the whole papers; but we bring these forward as specimens of questions which are sometimes asked, but which ought never to be asked, because they are a direct invitation to cram. If such questions are asked at all in an examination which is really competitive, attempts will necessarily be made to prepare for them; and direct special preparation for a particular style of question is precisely the worst form of cram.

Again, in the English Language, the programme tells us that candidates will be examined in Orthography, Writing from dictation, and the Grammatical Structure of the language. Now, when they are asked the etymology of the words "cravat" and "trombone;" or told to explain each part of the words "dam-s-el," "spect-ac-le-s;" or to account for the italicised letters in *might*, *made*; or to explain the archaic forms "fadir," "deyen," &c., we cannot help asking ourselves under which head of the programme the examiner supposed these questions to come? By grammatical structure we ordinarily understand the accidence and the syntax. If etymology and archaic forms are included, what is excluded? We cannot refrain from quoting here a most sensible remark of Mr. Seeley, Professor of Latin in University College, London. He also gave evidence before the Schools Inquiry Commission, and speaking on the study of English in schools (in answer to Question 16,616), he says—

I have known some masters who have begun with Anglo-Saxon, and have then proceeded regularly to *Piers Plowman* and Chaucer. All this seems to me radically wrong. English ought not to be

taught to boys as *a* language, but as *their* language; not curiously and scientifically, but artistically, practically, rhetorically. The object is to train boys in their gift of speech, to teach them to use it more freely, more skilfully, more precisely; and to admire and enjoy it more when it is nobly used by great authors. The merely grammatical part should therefore be passed over lightly, the antiquarian part might be omitted altogether; the principal stress should be laid on composition.

Natural Philosophy comes next, including Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Acoustics, and Optics; and with regard to these we are told in the programme that "the knowledge required is such as may be attained by attending a course of experimental lectures." Any one who did not consult the papers themselves for an interpretation of this vague information, would be likely to understand that the knowledge required was a popular knowledge; that boys would be expected to know what a lever was, and where its advantage lay; to explain a pump and its action, or the use of the barometer, and so on. Not at all; the knowledge attainable "by attending a course of experimental lectures," when explained by the papers, is found to be a knowledge of solving problems in the above mentioned subjects, problems which we cannot conceive experimental lectures teaching boys how to solve. It is sufficient to mention that in the June examination of last year, out of 380 candidates, 119 were plucked in the Natural Philosophy paper, which was a paper of problems from beginning to end. Surely the "experimental lectures" must be a joke. We shall be told perhaps that there is a committee of the Senate appointed especially to see that the examination papers are kept within the programme and are not too severe. Such a safeguard is fallacious. An examination paper has a very different effect when simply read through, and when answered. How do the committee exercise their judgment? If they sit down and *do* the paper, as the boys are expected to do, and see how many marks the examiners will give them for their answers, we will allow that their judgment is worth something. It would be worth still more, if besides their examining authority they had also a little experience in teaching.

In the Chemistry papers generally there is not so much

to complain of, though here also problems are asked to an increasing extent, but the main grievance is that the subject should be in the Matriculation at all. Six years ago a most powerful remonstrance was sent to the Senate from almost all the schools and colleges (amounting to forty-four) that prepare candidates for Matriculation, asking that chemistry should either be excluded from Matriculation, or be made optional with Natural Philosophy. But the Senate saw no reason to alter their programme.

We have expressed our opinion that French is a subject in which too much is not required. In one respect, however, there is real solid cause for dissatisfaction even here; and that is, in the choice of books appointed for the examination. Will it be believed that the Senate of late has gone to the works of Georges Sand and Alexandre Dumas in the selection of books for school-boys to study? They wish to promote the study of modern French. Be it so. But does "modern French" necessarily mean modern French novels, and modern French plays? The very names we have mentioned are enough of themselves to cause a feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of Catholic parents and superiors; for we suppose it to be hardly possible for either of these notorious writers (and that is the mildest epithet we can apply to them) to put pen to paper without producing something which no conscientious parent would like his children to read. We hear that remonstrances have been already sent to the Senate on this point, and we cannot believe that they will remain without effect. This is a matter which not only concerns us Catholics; it concerns all who do not wish to see the attention of our English youth authoritatively directed to the lower and less reputable walks of modern French literature.

We have intentionally confined our remarks to the subject of Matriculation. To speak of the degree examinations would take us beyond our limits, especially as the department of Mental Philosophy affords by itself a whole budget of *gravamina*. But we cannot close this indictment against the Matriculation examin-

ation of the London University without alluding to a matter connected with its examinations generally which is in everybody's mouth, be they Protestant or Catholic. The allusion cannot be more courteously put than in the words of a "Guide to Matriculation and Graduation" lately printed.

Since the London examiners are usually men of eminence in their several departments, it very commonly happens that they are the authors of works of repute in the subjects in which they examine. Candidates should not forget to ascertain from time to time the existence of such books, which, other things being equal, it would generally be advisable to use.

We have frequently heard this matter alluded to in far broader language. It must certainly be a great assistance to the sale of a book for its author to be examiner in the subject on which he has written. And when we find circular advertisements sent to the different schools and colleges, stating that a certain book has been appointed by the University for Matriculation, and that an edition of it at such a price, by the Examiner, has just been published by Messrs. Bookseller & Co., we think it is time public attention should be called to a state of things not altogether creditable. We have never heard the slightest hint of anything of the kind at the older Universities; and we cannot but think that it would have been wise for the London Senate to have taken better precautions on this head. There ought to be no ground, however slight, for saying that the way to pass at London is to buy the examiners' books, or to attend the examiners' lectures.

On the whole then, the state of the question between the Catholic Colleges and the University of London is this. First, we are not brought into competition with the class of schools we desire to compete with. Secondly, the examinations are not such as suit our studies: classics are made too little of, and many other matters are made too much of. If there are schools which are suited by them, they are schools of a lower class, and with a lower style of education. Unfortunately, these are at present the only examinations open to us on terms that Catholics can admit.

Cambridge and Oxford have indeed opened their gates wider than before, and they even invite the presence of Catholics. Degrees may be had there, but only on condition of long previous residence; and an invitation to residence at a Protestant University is one to which our only answer is *Non possumus*. What we should like to see,—what we should agitate for,—what, if we agitate, we shall be sure to get before long,—is the admission of non-resident candidates to Oxford and Cambridge degree examinations, and the throwing open of at least a part of the University emoluments to all comers, whether they have “kept terms” or not. It has been already proposed to require only one year’s residence before the Degree: we have but to push the proposal one step further, and demand admission to their examinations after having educated ourselves in our own way. As for an English Catholic University, even if we could succeed first in founding and filling such an institution, and then in getting it chartered, it is quite conceivable that we might after all find we had got more than good for us. We could not compare ourselves with others; and our numbers in England are so small, that without such competition we should stagnate. Our degrees, moreover, would carry no public value with them. What we want is, to educate ourselves entirely, and then to compete with the best-educated scholars in the kingdom.

Anne Seberin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Marquis de Villiers had led a very solitary life ever since he had been in England. He did not mix at all in society, not even in that little world of voluntary exiles who were reconstructing among themselves, and out of France, that great French world so lately destroyed; preserving its semblance with a puerile but touching solicitude, discouraged by no amount of privations, cheerfully resigned to a poverty which no false shame embittered, accepting all its consequences save that of seeking or receiving alms, and keeping up with the most minute care the habits, the traditions, and the manners as well as the forms of speech of the past. They were even afraid to learn the language of the countries where the emigration had cast their lot, for fear of losing their thorough French accent, or rather the accent of the society to which they had belonged. Thus, after twenty-five years of exile, they returned to their native land speaking a language almost forgotten by that time in France, and which, though sometimes incorrect, was never vulgar, and though seldom eloquent, was always dignified. Pleasantly in our ears does that French of the old school still sound, when we happen to hear it spoken by the rare survivors of that era, or by those who have lived in their society. We enjoy it, as in England those most opposed to the order of ideas which inspired the old Jacobite songs will take pleasure in listening to them.

No one took any notice of M. de Villiers' new habits of life. He was seen in society neither more nor less than before; and he went on leading that half agreeable, half tormenting, existence which had become dear to him, without attracting the attention of his countrymen. It was not now the dangerous pleasure of Charlotte's presence alone which drew him to Elm Cottage. He had begun fully to appreciate his cousin's society, and even Dr. Percival's, and had long ago got over the feeling of pride which had led him to dislike Madame de Nébriant's second husband. He now understood the meaning of the English word

gentleman, and its difference from its apparent synonym of *gentilhomme* in French, which necessarily implies nobility of birth, whereas the word in England has a far wider scope, and applies to all whom nature or education endows with that nobility which they are generally acknowledged to have the right and power to bestow. In this sense then, Dr. Percival was a most thorough gentleman. He was also a sincere and fervent Catholic, and felt that ardent and devoted attachment to his faith which persecution—then still existing in England in the shape of penal laws, and in the social habits of mind of its people—so often produces. He had been unwearied in his devotion to the *émigrés*, and especially to the priests, who had escaped imprisonment or death in France, and he ministered to their wants with the reverence due to men who have confessed their faith at the peril of their lives. He also deeply loved his country; and his strong attachment to it made him hail as a probable result of the generosity shown at that time by all classes of Englishmen to the French exiles, to priests as well as laymen, a return to those principles of equity which, for the sake of his native land as well as of his faith, he so ardently desired to see prevail. It was then, indeed, that the first dawn of that approaching light was seen; and though it was longer perhaps than the good doctor expected before its practical results appeared, nevertheless, after the lapse of twenty years, justice raised its voice in the midst of the English nation, and, in the name and by the help of freedom, won for the ancient faith a standing-place, which may yet be assailed, but which it can never lose again. In the course of his visits to some of his poor French patients, Dr. Percival had accidentally entered the shabby little room where the Comtesse de Nébriant was wearing out her strength in secret toil and suffering by the sick bed of her child, working all night, and yet by that almost incessant labour scarcely able to procure the medicines which the little patient needed. How many women, nursed in pomp and pleasure, went through that noble heart-breaking struggle, proving themselves, by the manner in which they accepted that stern fate, worthy of the brighter lot which their birth had seemed to promise them! In Dr. Percival the Comtesse de Nébriant found a friend and a protector, and her child a father. Our readers have been introduced to the peaceful home which his kindness made so dear and bright—the home where Charlotte tasted the first and sweetest joys and the most acute sorrows of her life.

One day, as M. de Villiers was coming in, his servant Thibault gave him a parcel of letters and some visiting cards. He looked

first at the cards. One of them was Henry Devereux's, and there was written upon it in pencil—"I shall come back in an hour. Wait for me if you can."

"M. Devereux said he would come back soon," Thibault said.

"Very well," M. de Villiers answered. "Show him upstairs, and do not let in anybody else," he added, feeling sure that Henry must have something of consequence to say, and with some anxiety as to what it might be about. He glanced rather absently at the covers of his letters. One of them was from Mrs. Percival: it was to ask him to dine at the cottage that day, and this pleased him. Before he had time to open any others, there was a rap at the door, and before Thibault could announce him, Henry Devereux was in the room.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come in," he exclaimed. "I was so afraid you might be out for the day, and that I should not see you to say good-bye."

"Are you going away then?" the Marquis said. "When, where, and for how long?"

"Read that," Henry said, giving him a letter, which M. de Villiers read from beginning to end. It contained the offer of a good situation in the Civil Service in India, and held out excellent prospects for the future, which, however, involved an absence from England of fifteen or twenty years.

"Well?" the Marquis said, looking inquiringly at his friend.

"Well, I have accepted the offer, and I am off to-morrow."

"What! going to India for fifteen, twenty—twenty-five years perhaps? Why, at your age it is like going away for ever! Without any joking, do you really mean you are going?"

"I am quite in earnest. I have made up my mind to go. There is nothing to keep me in England, in Europe, or, indeed, as I feel at this moment, in the world. But I know that is foolish, and it might be worse than foolish if I gave way to that feeling. A man always has, or ought to have, something to do in this world. But, however, the sooner I go the sooner I may hope to return, fit to be of some use."

"You go to-morrow, and for twenty years perhaps!" the Marquis again ejaculated.

"Why, what does it signify?" Henry replied. "I have no ties, no interests, no duties here; not even any relations except an old uncle, who does not like me any the better for being his heir. I am just the sort of man who ought to go to India, and work his way to fortune there. What is wanted for it is energy, activity, and perseverance. I have, I suppose, about as much of

those qualities as my neighbours, and, in addition, I possess a very important qualification which few of my countrymen enjoy."

"What do you mean?"

"I have no home to leave—no home to regret. You have lived long enough in England to understand what we mean by that word. You know all it comprises for an Englishman—how many things, great and little, combine to form the links which bind him to it. His home means his country, his fireside, the woman he loves and has married, or hopes to marry, his garden, his fields, the common over which he gallops after a long day's hunting, the comfortable room where he sits with his friends by a good fire—all this, and much more than this, goes to make up our idea of a home. You can, therefore, see that a man who has no home in this country must be delighted to go to India; and it will probably be owing to this fortunate circumstance that you may hear of my dying some day, a judge at Madras, or even attorney-general at Calcutta."

"Come, Devereux!" the Marquis said; "what does all this mean? Tell me the real truth about it. I suppose you did not come here in order to throw dust in my eyes. What has made you take this sudden resolution?"

Henry remained silent for a moment, opening and shutting a book he had taken off the table. Then suddenly throwing it down again, he said, "Well, I will tell you the truth, and, indeed, I always meant to do so. The fact is, I have been fool enough to propose to a woman who will not have me."

The Marquis started. "Have you?"

"Yes. Is it not strange that a man, who is neither a child nor an idiot, should go and ask a woman to marry him without having the least idea that she likes him, and, indeed, with the conviction that she has loved, does love, and will always love another man, as much since his death as during his life. Is it not a most unaccountable piece of folly?"

M. de Villiers made no reply; and without noticing his silence, Henry went on—"But there are times when a person seems to lose every atom of good sense. She seemed a little more cheerful than usual. I happened to be alone with her in the garden. She was talking very kindly to me, and all of a sudden I spoke out. The truth is, that it gets at last too painful to be always concealing, hiding, shutting up what one feels. You can have no idea of what that suffering is, or how intolerable it becomes; and really, you will hardly believe it, but if it was still to do, I would do as I have done. I know that it is all at an end; that I am

going away; that I shall never see her again. And yet, in spite of all this misery, I cannot describe to you what a relief it is, almost like happiness, to think that she knows it now; that I am concealing nothing from her; and that for once in my life I was able to tell her how dearly I love her—that I began to do so the first day I saw her—and that I shall do so to the last day of my life!”

Whilst Henry was speaking in this excited manner, the Marquis remained cold, passive, apparently calm, his head resting on his hand, and listening to him without raising his eyes. At last he said, “And have you told them what you intend to do?”

“Yes; I did so last evening. This letter reached me some days ago. I answered it yesterday, and then went to Elm Cottage. They all seemed sorry. Charlotte was paler and sadder than usual—she knows why I go. Miss Percival, too, looked very grave; and when she wished me good-bye, there were tears in her eyes—she is such a dear good soul.”

The Marquis looked at Henry when he said this, and saw by his manner that he had not the least suspicion of what he thought he had himself clearly discerned, and he said nothing, for even to hint at it would be, he considered, a want of respect for Louisa, and almost a breach of confidence. When he had got over the first painful impression which Henry’s disclosure had produced upon him, he tried, but without success, to induce him to alter his resolution. Devereux had examined his conscience, questioned his heart, and pronounced a verdict on himself like that of a judge, or rather of a physician, who measures at once the extent of the evil and the only remedy which can touch it.

“There is in such cases,” he said, “but one thing to do—to suffer, and to accept suffering without any weak mercy towards oneself. Yes,” he added after a pause, “to suffer dreadfully, and then get over it. That is what I look forward to; and for that purpose a journey, or temporary absence, is not enough—there must be a total separation, both as regards time and distance. That remedy must work a cure at last. There can be no love strong enough to survive that ordeal; and though it is like applying hot iron to a bleeding wound to think I shall never see her again or hear her name mentioned, a time must come when the healing process will take effect, and the wound will at last be seared—and it is to that result I must look.”

“I have nothing to urge in reply,” the Marquis answered; “and if your object is to recover peace of mind by forgetting the past, I cannot deny that the resolution you have taken is the surest way to succeed.”

"It is not merely tranquillity of mind that I think of," Henry said. "I do not want to get over this feeling merely in order not to suffer, but with a view to action. Our duty lies in action. The real worth of life consists in the power to act, and we must at any price maintain, or if we have lost it, recover that power. Were I to die in the effort, I should have only done a reasonable thing in wrenching myself away from the miserable state of apathy into which I should sink if I remained here. I should thoroughly despise myself if I could give way to such a temptation."

Sir Walter Scott describes in one of his novels the light heedless manner with which the young Duke of Rothsay flourishes a walking stick while standing by the side of a wounded friend. Every motion of his careless hand seems to threaten the sore and quivering limb, and he unconsciously inflicts a kind of torture on his favourite. Every word Henry Devereux had said produced, morally speaking, a somewhat similar effect on M. de Villiers. His sufferings during that conversation would be difficult to estimate. At last he said, "For you who are young, who have life before you, and a country to serve, the violent remedy you have determined to employ is, as I said before, the surest and best. I understand your reasons, and approve your conduct. In the case of a person differently situated, free from those cravings for life and action which belong to youth, and with no patriotic object in view to stimulate his energies, I could fancy, indeed, that the words of the song Miss Percival was singing the other day might very naturally, and without any despicable weakness, express his feelings—

"O heal me not my woe, mither,
Cure me not my pain,
I love them, and of them, mither,
To die I were fu' fain."

As he uttered these words, the Marquis rose; and though he tried to smile, his features were so painfully contracted and his whole manner so strange, that Henry seemed surprised and puzzled. But he concluded that what he had said had awakened in the Marquis' mind painful thoughts relative to the bitter and always increasing trial of exile. This supposition prevented him from attaching any other signification to his words. It was only years afterwards, when he had been long separated from the Marquis by time and absence, that he understood their meaning.

CHAPTER VII.

It was late when Henry took leave of M. de Villiers, who had only time enough to dress in a hurry and jump into a hackney-coach—one of those heavy old lumbering hackney-coaches which used to serve, indeed, to keep our feet out of the mud or dust, as the case might be, but scarcely to convey us to our destination more expeditiously than by walking. As he went slowly along, the Marquis revolved in his mind what he had heard from Henry. It struck him as strange that it should have been his fate for the second time to hear an avowal of another person's love for Charlotte, and though there was no similarity in the circumstances of the two cases, the coincidence, as regarded himself, was curious enough. On the whole, he felt considerably relieved by what had taken place. A year had now elapsed since Guillaume's death, and though he was convinced she would never care again for any one as she had done for him, he had sometimes speculated, knowing how much she appreciated his merits, whether, when she came to be aware of Henry's attachment, she might not be induced to marry him. This had been the subject of many an anxious thought. He felt greatly relieved at finding she had refused him; and when he saw her again, Charlotte seemed to him more lovely and charming than ever.

Louisa was not in the room when he arrived. The only guest that day was a young French priest, who, like so many others, had been attended in sickness by Dr. Percival, and after having been his patient, was now his friend, and often his guest. His name was the Abbé Gabriel de Merian; he was generally called the Abbé Gabriel. Louisa did not come in till after the small party had sat down to dinner. "Poor girl," the Marquis thought, "she has probably been crying her eyes out, and is afraid to appear." He considerably avoided looking at her till he could do so unobserved, and then he was surprised to see that though she looked rather pale, there were no traces of tears on her face, or of any violent emotion. She was, perhaps, somewhat more silent than usual, and when she went into the drawing-room, he saw that she hastily shut up the pianoforte, and blew out the candle, which stood there lighted as usual; but except these trifling marks of feeling, he could not see anything to confirm the impression which had led him to think of her with so much sympathy and pity. "I

must have been mistaken," he thought, "and I am very glad of it."

If he could have heard her that night repeating aloud the prayer for travellers, he would, perhaps, have observed that her voice faltered, and have detected an extraordinary earnestness in the tone of that supplication. But it was only the friend kneeling by her side, and He who saw them both weeping that night at His feet, without saying a word to each other of the cause of their sadness, that heard that prayer, and witnessed those tears.

In the mean time the Marquis, who was in very good spirits that evening, was doing his best to enliven the conversation between the doctor and the Abbé, which seemed rather inclined to flag. The latter appeared completely engrossed by a newspaper which he was reading.

"M. l'Abbé is very much absorbed," the Marquis said; "he does not seem inclined to return to our argument of the other night, and prove to us that everything is always for the best. That I ought, for instance, to be extremely obliged to those who would have cut off my head if I had given them the opportunity; and that he himself, who was all but murdered, owes, of course, an infinite amount of gratitude to those worthy people who meant to have thrust him so expeditiously out of this wicked world."

The Abbé had indeed been wounded, and left for dead in the midst of a heap of corpses, on the day of the massacre at the Carmes. Saved, in an almost miraculous manner, from the fate that awaited him, he had been brought to London, and if he had desired it, would have been free to return to the world, for he was not, as yet, bound by any vows; but he remained faithful to his vocation, and as soon as his wounds were healed, and his strength sufficiently returned to allow him to perform the duties of the priestly office, he was ordained.

In answer to the Marquis' attack, he looked up and smiled. The sweetness of his smile and of his countenance gave a remarkable expression to a face which would otherwise have been plain.

"You are right, Monsieur le Marquis," he said; "I own that I cannot feel angry with anyone. If this be a fault, I accuse myself of it, and must try to amend. There are always some words in the Gospel which strike a man more than others; those I seem to think oftenest of are these—'Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do.' When I remember when and where, and by whom they were spoken, I cannot harbour resentment against those poor people who tried to put an end to my life. It is not even an effort for me to forgive them, so little anger do I feel."

The Marquis said nothing; perhaps he was touched by what the young Abbé had said. But he now began again to argue.

"But all those fine reasonings, my dear Abbé, would end in there being no distinction left between good and evil. We should not be at liberty to think anybody a rascal or a wretch—not even that Buonaparte."

"Gently, gently!" the doctor said; "M. l'Abbé will not let you attack even Buonaparte."

"Not attack Buonaparte!" he exclaimed. "I hope you are not in earnest, doctor, and that M. l'Abbé does not push so far the consequences of his charitable system. That individual knows pretty well, I fancy, what he is about; it would be rather difficult to suppose that he sinned out of ignorance."

The Abbé would have liked to withdraw at once from this ticklish ground, but he thought it right to say, in a gentle manner, "I cannot but bless the hand which has thrown open again God's ruined and deserted temples."

"And the hand which deluges Europe with blood; do you bless that hand?" the Marquis asked, in an ironical tone.

The Abbé sighed, and pushing away from him the newspaper, said, "No, indeed; and God knows that when, in spite of myself, I am excited and interested by the account of a battle, I am ashamed of it, and feel as if I had failed in one of the duties of my sacred calling."

"Has there been a battle?" the Marquis asked.

"Yes, a great and terrible battle."

"Ah, indeed; and where?"

"Near Austerlitz, it seems."

"Austerlitz—is that a village, or a town?"

"It is a castle in Moravia, I think," the Abbé answered. "The Emp—— Buonaparte was there on the eve, or the morrow, of the battle."

"Nobody ever heard of the place," the Marquis said, with increasing ill-humour.

"I think its name will never be forgotten," the Abbé rejoined, "after what has taken place there."

"And I suppose it has been another defeat?" the Marquis cried, with a frown.

The Abbé Gabriel seemed taken aback at first. "A defeat!" he exclaimed; but, correcting himself he said, "well, yes, a defeat if you will—a new victory of the French army."

The Marquis took up the newspaper, read the account of the

battle, and then threw it down in silence. He remained all the evening in a state of gloomy abstraction.

His was indeed a painful state of feeling, and one which appears to us unnatural and almost revolting, now that the lapse of time has made it impossible; but in the eyes of the Marquis de Villiers the glory of France was at that time disgraced by an indelible stain. Unfaithful to her traditions, and untrue to her King, France had in his eyes no right to be great and glorious, and he lamented, without scruple, over every step of her victorious march, because each such step was leading her further from the path outside of which success seemed to him unlawful, and glory questionable.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. de Villiers came home in an exceedingly bad temper, and when he saw Thibault with the same packet of letters in his hand which he had forgotten to open when he went out, he asked him, in an impatient manner, what he wanted, and desired him to leave them on the table. Thibault made no reply, but followed him to his bedroom, and before assisting him to undress, laid the letters on the chimney-piece. As he was leaving the room, he turned round and said, "I don't know if M. le Marquis has noticed that one of those letters is from France. I thought he would wish to read it before he went to bed."

The Marquis was by this time sorry to have spoken crossly to the old man, and said, in quite a different manner, "Are you tired, Thibault?"

"No, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Oh, well, but you had better go to bed. Good night, Thibault."

"Monsieur le Marquis is very good. Good night, Monsieur le Marquis."

Having made this sort of tacit apology to his old servant, M. de Villiers seized the letter, and tore open with so much haste the one which bore a French postmark, that he did not perceive that it was sealed with black. It was three years since he had received a letter from home. The first words that met his eyes were these: "Monsieur le Marquis,—It is with the deepest grief that I write to inform you of the death of M. le Vicomte de Thénin."

The letter fell from the Marquis' hand. Fifteen years had elapsed since he had read that name, or heard it pronounced. He had expressly forbidden that in the occasional letters he received from home any mention should be made of that brother whom he had at one time so dearly loved. He had tried to forget him, and he fancied he had succeeded. This was, however, a mistake which did injustice to his own feelings. He read over and over again the words that had so deeply affected him, paused a moment, and then all the love and tenderness so sedulously kept down for years asserted their power, and seemed to rush into his heart with uncontrollable violence. After having so long left the past in oblivion, and resolved not to acknowledge as a brother the soldier of republican France, he could now think of nothing but the days of childhood and youth, and of the more than common attachment that had existed between that brother and himself; so devoted and exclusive, that it had made other friendships superfluous, and even distasteful to him.

The Marquis leaned back in his chair, and without attempting to struggle with his feelings, or calling to mind any of the circumstances which had, as he thought, justified his long estrangement from his brother, he gave way without restraint to the grief which was re-awakening in his heart all his former affection for him, and it was with a sort of tender sorrow that he kept repeating the name which for fifteen years had not passed his lips. "Roger, Roger!" he kept exclaiming, with the accent of other days; and in the midst of this intense grief a divine voice was perhaps whispering to his soul a secret reproach which he would never listen to before, for passions—and not only vile and selfish passions, but those also which sway and deceive the noblest minds—easily silence heavenly warnings; perhaps that voice was now asking him, with irresistible power, why he had permitted the fitful opinions of a transitory world to prevail over the holiest and deepest feelings of his nature, and voluntarily to sunder a tie which death had now destroyed. It was some time before M. de Villiers regained sufficient composure to take up again and read the following letter:—

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS,—It is with the most profound regret that I have to inform you of the death of M. le Vicomte de Thénin. He died gloriously in the great battle which has just taken place. I venture to hope that this will not be in your eyes an additional cause of reproach against his memory; and I cannot bring myself to believe that you will be displeased at my infringing your command never to mention the name of him whom we have lost. You are aware, M. le Marquis, that although, in consequence of the laws against the

émigrés, M. de Thénin became, twelve years ago, the nominal possessor of all your estates, which would otherwise have been confiscated, he would never touch one penny of the income, and after he had entered the army refused to appropriate to himself even his legal share of your patrimony. He lived and died as a soldier, and used to say to me, "My pay is sufficient for my wants; my brother will come one day into the full possession of our maternal inheritance, and will not have the annoyance of thinking that a single stiver of it has gone to benefit the revolution. In this respect, at least, it will have been useful to him to have had a republican brother." Though this was said with a smile, he adhered strictly to his resolution. You will remember that when the law was passed three years ago which allowed the *émigrés* to return to France, and resume the possession of their property, when it happened not to have been sold, I wrote to you to say that your estates were at your disposal. This I did by M. de Thénin's orders, though I did not at that time venture to mention his name. But it would go against my conscience now not to state the fact. I must also renew my entreaties that you will come to France, if it be only to furnish me with the necessary powers for the management of your estates, should it be your desire that I should continue to administer them, as I have hitherto done at M. de Thénin's desire, and out of friendship for him, though more in your interest than in his.—I remain, Monsieur le Marquis, your sincerely devoted servant,

PIERRE SEVERIN.

M. de Villiers continued for some days so depressed in spirits that he could not bring himself to go out at all. He wrote to Mrs. Percival, and told her of his brother's death, and of his sorrow, without alluding to the estrangement which had existed between them. The next time he came to Elm Cottage, he brought with him the letters he had received on the subject, and gave them to his cousin to read. He talked over their contents with Charlotte and Louisa, and his brother's name, which he had so long refused to utter, was now continually on his lips, and he even spoke with as much moderation as it was possible for him to command of the circumstances which had brought about their separation.

"And who is this Pierre Séverin who was so much attached to your brother?" Mrs. Percival asked.

"The most honest, intelligent, and high-minded of men," the Marquis replied.

Great was the surprise of the three persons who heard him give this answer, for it was a rare thing for M. de Villiers to praise any one very much, and in this instance he was warmly commending a man whose opinions were diametrically opposed to his own, which made the eulogium still more wonderful.

Mrs. Percival could not refrain from saying, "But was not he of the same way of thinking as poor Roger?"

"Well, he was always more or less of a visionary about politics,

though a man of great energy and activity in other ways. He was an intimate friend of Roger's, and though much the younger of the two, had great influence over him. His dangerous illusions at the outset of the revolution may have greatly contributed to lead my brother astray. But there is this to be said, I do not consider that every one is bound by the same obligations; what in the Vicomte de Thénin I thought dishonourable—or, at least, blameable—conduct, was excusable in Pierre Séverin. A man like him, though belonging to an ancient family of legal eminence, was not attached to the throne by the numberless ties which bind to it the descendants of its hereditary defenders. I must also mention that when the Utopia dreamed of by the earlier partisans of the revolution made way for all we saw and knew, he left Paris and the bar, where he had made a brilliant *début*, and retired to the little town of M——, near Villiers, where he became the advocate and protector of all those whom the barbarity and iniquity of the times were pursuing. This could not long go on with impunity. He was seized, thrown into prison, and would probably have been executed, if Roger had not interfered: and in order to keep him out of the way of dangers which his generosity would have made him continually incur, sent him to Villiers, of which he was the nominal possessor, and constituted him the agent of the property—more as an excuse for keeping him, than for any other reason. But Séverin did not accept that position as a sinecure, and he has managed the estates so well ever since, that if ever I return to my old home, I am likely to be a richer man than I have ever yet been. He is really an excellent fellow, clever, active, a good scholar, and as brave and noble-hearted a being as ever existed."

This panegyric was well calculated to ensure for Pierre Séverin a most cordial reception when, some time afterwards, he came to England. The Marquis obstinately declined to avail himself of the facilities afforded to the *émigrés*, and his agent, tired of useless entreaties on the subject, determined at last to cross the channel himself. His return to France was a matter of some difficulty, but he managed, nevertheless, to accomplish it successfully, after spending two months in London, and he then carried home with him from Elm Cottage a remembrance and a hope which he looked to time and his own constancy one day to realise.

Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America.

IX.—AT NONOHAL.

For several days we journeyed in a north-westerly direction, and generally made from twenty-five to thirty miles a day, through a very broken, hilly country. As nearly as I could make out by the map we were in latitude 28° S. by longitude 54° W., to the westward of that great tract of half-wooded country called Campos da Vacaria, and were entering the *hervêdes*, that is, the forest land which stretches indefinitely away towards the yet unexplored solitudes of the Upper Paraná. These *hervêdes* are so called from being one of the regions whence the *maté* or *herba de Paraguay* is drawn in abundance. There is an immense trade in this tea carried on all over South America, where it is held as a necessary of life. It is chiefly gathered and prepared by the Indians, who made use of it time out of mind before the discovery of the New World. The young twigs of the tree are laid in great heaps on a platform made of strong and green timbers crossed *à jour* with interstices of some inches between the beams. The ground underneath the platform is cleared of all wood, roots and rubbish, and a fire made of green brambles. This is intended to singe and dry the *maté* above, which, when sufficiently burnt and shrivelled up, is beaten with long poles until it is reduced to a dark green powder mixed up with broken bits of the twigs. The herb is then sorted according to fineness, and pressed hard into *serons* or sacks made of hides, each weighing one or two hundred weight, according to the market for which it is intended. It is infused with hot water, with or without sugar, in which latter case it is called *Shumarôn*, and is very bitter, but more wholesome than when sweetened. According to Charlevoix's testimony, the Spaniards held this herb to be of sovereign virtue against all possible evils, it being almost able to raise the dead to life again.

The country was partly denuded of wood in the places where the *maté* had been gathered, and the spots of the fires could be

distinguished, where a shorter and totally different vegetation had sprung up. We met with no habitations whatever: at intervals we came across deserted shanties made of a few poles and branches, in which the *maté*-makers had dwelt during their operations. The land, I was told, was debateable ground, claimed alike by Paraguay and Brazil, and some day or other, when it comes to be settled upon by emigrants, it will be a cause of war between these two states. On the maps it is placed within the Brazilian frontiers, but in reality belongs still to the Indians who alone frequent it for hunting and gathering the *herva*.

On the sixth day after we struck into the *herveas* we reached the river which the Indians called Goio-en, and which from its size and direction I rightly guessed to be the Upper Uruguay. Goio-en in Camé means the wide-water, and this name could only apply to the principal stream of the region. There we found some of the Nonohai people who had come down with canoes to meet us. The mules and the horses were sent forward overland under the guidance of one or two of the party, and we ascended the river five more days, stopping only an hour or two to take our meals, and of course also at night, when we hung up our hammocks among the trees on some island of the river. The Cacique slept in one and I in another: the rest of the party anywhere, in the canoes, or on mats on the ground. These mats are made from the fibres of the *caraouatá*, a species of cactus, which is very abundant in all dry water-courses and hollows where the loam is deep and rich. The canoes themselves were scooped out by fire from single trunks of trees; and as they could easily accommodate ten or twelve people each, with sundry articles of baggage, some idea may be formed of the size of the timber. I measured one of the trees near which I lay one day: it was at man's height forty feet round, and therefore twelve or thirteen feet in diameter, although I should say that the trunk near the ground was not round and solid like an ordinary bole, but formed of six or seven huge ribs conjoined, evidently upward prolongations of the roots.

At last we reached Nonohai. It is a singularly wild place—a deep valley between high and precipitous hills covered with sombre forests. The river here already assumes a majestic aspect; and though it is wider twenty leagues higher up in the *serra*, I thought it scarcely less than five hundred yards across, and this at a distance of at least twelve hundred miles from Buenos-Ayres! The water was of crystal clearness, and the Indians maintained it was the most wholesome of all the many streams of this vast con-

tinent. Fathers del Techo and Charlevoix both say that the Indians of the Uruguay Reductions were longer-lived than any others, and that this was said among them to be owing to the constant use of the Uruguay water. It certainly forms a great contrast with the mighty Paraná, its neighbour, which rolls along a wide, turbid, yellow flood through nearly the whole of its course of above three thousand miles. Here and there on both banks of the river is a patch of cultivated land. The Indians raise mandioca, maize, beans and calabashes, as well as great quantities of water-melons. The *catata doce*, or sweet potatoe, an elongated purplish root, exceedingly pleasant and wholesome, is also found growing wild everywhere, and is a great resource when other food is scarce. The dwellings are mere *ranchos*, huts made of interlaced split-bamboos filled up with a bluish viscous mud, and covered with the dry Pampas grass. They sometimes contain two rooms, whose only furniture is a coarse hammock made of braided thongs of horse-hide, a few sections of roots of trees by way of stools, an iron kettle, and a dozen or two of scooped calabashes cut into variously shaped vessels. Wooden pegs are driven into the mud walls, from which hang the *macanas* or clubs, the bows and arrows, and divers garments, as well as the skins of animals killed in the chase. These are stored up until disposed of to some wandering trader for cotton-cloths, gunpowder, rum, and other articles. Each *ranchito* is tenanted by one family only, and in most of them there was a cross or some pious image, received many years before from the holy Spanish missionary, Father Miguel Cabeça, who had discovered this village in his rambles, and remained there for some time to evangelise. He paid them another visit two or three years later, and brought with him another Priest, Dom Mariano de Escalada, who was afterwards raised to the Episcopal dignity, and is now the much-loved and venerated Archbishop of Buenos-Ayres.

I made a stay of about eleven weeks in Nonohai, and had no reason to regret abiding there so long; for, independently of the good done to these poor people, forsaken and forgotten for so many years, and given up, as they said themselves, to the Vaiman (the evil one or devil), this very wild life, away from all possible intercourse with civilisation, and having no other source of relaxation than communing with God and the works of His hands, was not without its charms, although I felt what heroism must have possessed the hearts of the old missionaries who sometimes spent twenty or forty years in such desolate solitudes! I had not, moreover, such obstacles to encounter as they had, nor such perils to affront, as these good Coroados already gloried in the

name of Christians, and loaded me with marks of veneration, instead of brandishing at me their deadly *macánas*, as their ancestors had done so many times at the *Lizardis*, the *Ortegas* and other messengers of salvation. I spent nearly the whole of my time in teaching the catechism to the young, as I thought early impressions likely to be lasting, and a good foundation besides for future efforts among them. For the first two or three weeks the difficulty of doing this was very great, as but very few of them understood Portuguese or Guarani. I was obliged to take the *Cacique* and one or two others as interpreters; but what with their help, and that of some large coloured prints of Gospel events I had brought with me, I managed to teach the boys and girls the principal mysteries of the Christian faith. Their prayers they already knew, having learnt them from their parents, but none of them could explain their meaning. I found also some difficulty in fixing the attention of these young *Camés*, who had not the slightest idea of sitting down to learn any thing. In the middle of some story or other, one of them would run to me to ask me for my knife or a bit of string to make a *mimic laço*. My teaching had need to be as enticing as possible, and it usually took the form of stories and parables, taken as far as could be from the scenes of their daily life. This I was better able to do after a time when I had learnt the names of most things constantly under their eyes. I would tell them, for instance, that the *Vaiman* was like a great jaguar watching its prey, but that *Tupán*, the great one of the skies, would not let the tiger hurt his people who obeyed his laws, and that *Tupá-ci* (the Mother of God) had given the *Vaiman* a great kick on the head, whereby he lost all power against the friends of her Son Jesus. I was moved to tears when I beheld the open mouths and wondering large black eyes of these dusky little ones, who followed each word and gesture of mine with such eagerness. But I could not go on thus very long: weariness on their part and their evident longing to run away after ten minutes would force me to interrupt the lesson, and they would disperse laughing and shouting, with the unrestrained glee of conscious absolute freedom and untroubled bliss.

I had early noticed one of these boys, a younger son of the *Cacique Dorh*, *Manèque* by name, who appeared to me more intelligent than the others, and had been baptized a dozen years before by Father *Cabeça*. I taught this boy to serve my Mass, which he did very well, and some months afterwards the Bishop took him to his house at *Porto Alegre* to educate him. The boy

learnt to read Portuguese in a very short time, and by his and his father's help I compiled a small Camé vocabulary of a few hundred words and phrases. I could not help admiring the savage instinct of this little fellow in the pursuit and trapping of every kind of game. Among themselves he and his companions would play with small bolas, laços, bows and arrows; and the skill they displayed was very astonishing. One of them would stand a dozen paces off, and stretching out his arm horizontally, would form with his fore-finger and thumb a little circle of the size of half-a-crown, and another, with scarcely any aiming, would shoot a small arrow through the hole without touching him. When a fowl or a sucking pig was wanted for a feast, at a sign from the woman, Manêque or any other boy who happened to be in the way would run off, and catch the animal by the legs, by throwing a small laço at perhaps a distance of fifteen or twenty yards.

The time was approaching when I had promised to join the Bishop at some central point or other of the province, in order to accompany him on a journey through the yet unvisited portions of the west and south of the diocese. I left Nonohaï with regret, for the good Indians, though hard to teach, and incorrigible as to certain bad and lazy habits of theirs, were really grateful, and willing, with time and God's grace, to improve under my guidance; yet I clearly saw that nothing permanent could be done amongst them save by a residence of years, and in my case this was out of the question. I gave them to hope that some good Missionary or other would now visit them more frequently, as negotiations were being carried on at Rome to supply from among the religious orders a more abundant staff of zealous men for the Indian Missions. Two or three Guaranís of the aldeia of São Nicholão, near the Rio Pardo, had come to Nonohaï to purchase their provision of *herva maté* in exchange for cottons and earthenware; these being on the point of returning, consented to act as my guides as far as Cachoeira. We started together about a week before Christmas; and instead of going down the Uruguay, we struck by a much shorter land-path in a south-easterly direction, across the hervães, until we could reach the upper forks of the Rio Jacuhi, where this stream becomes navigable on emerging from the mountains. This forest-journey lasted twenty-one days: and twelve more days in a canoe brought us to Cachoeira on the 17th of January 1864.

The monotony of the land journey was broken by no incident more extraordinary than trapping game and catching fish whenever we came to a streamlet or water-hole, or stopping a couple

of hours at midday to broil our meat or prepare our *maté*; but how shall I adequately describe the marvellous beauty of this leisurely summer voyage on one of the loveliest and least frequented of American rivers? How shall I reproduce for others or perpetuate for myself the varied impressions of astonishment and delight which I received every hour, as every bend of the beautiful Jacuhi unveiled fresh loveliness before my eager eyes? When the sun glowed less fiercely over head, and the forest-shadows stretched further across the bright waters, I would sit motionless at the canoe's prow, and gaze and gaze again at the wonderful works of God in the wilderness, wishing that the fast-coming night might not veil, even only for a few hours, so much grandeur and beauty, or silence the thousand eloquent voices of insect or bird. When darkness spread at last over the stream, and nothing could be seen save the glistening of the paddles, the puny meteoric flight of the *ragalumes* or fire-flies among the sedge, and the two dusky lines of the forest-belt between the water and the starry sky, I would contemplate for a while the bright southern cross—O Cruzeiro do Sud—yet new to me, and the well known Orion and Pleiades, and then wrapping myself in my *poucho*, lie down at the bottom of the boat, wondering how many of the myriads of mosquitoes buzzing about me would ere the morning have swelled up to treble their natural size with the best blood of my face and hands! Those abominable thieves! I thought at first I could escape their bites by keeping my stockings on, putting gloves on my hands, and wrapping up face, neck and head in a stifling handkerchief, —but all was in vain. These unscrupulous marauders push their probosces through every thing; and I could not, like my Indians, make up my mind to anoint myself all over with fetid grease to repel their assaults. I was thus for many nights subjected to perhaps a wholesome, but assuredly a most painful and involuntary phlebotomy.

The morning however would come at last, and with it the gorgeousness of a tropical rising sun, and the charms of renovated nature. The eastern sky glowing like a million furnaces—the sparkling waters dancing with mirth and teeming with life—the river-banks dressed up by the Creator's hands as if to await the pencil of the artist or the description of the poet—the solitary canoe gliding down the stream with noiseless velocity—a gentle breeze fanning into life and motion the long sedgy grass and the shore flowers—all spoke of peace, of goodness, and of happiness; for man was not there to destroy or to maim, and I had given express orders to my Indians not to use their

guns, that I might behold nature and its denizens as the Almighty had made them. The river appeared full of fish to the very brim: the golden-scaled *pidva*, the red and emerald *dorado*, the speckled trout-like *pintada*, and numerous others played, leapt, and raced in the fresh morning waters; now and again the *capivara*, in shape like a guinea-pig and of the weight of a middle-sized fat hog, would raise its head above the water as it swam along, and having gazed at us with its large round eyes, would either plunge again into the dark pool, as its humour led it, or quietly land and graze among the long grass and bushes. Further on a flock of dark-looking wild-ducks would emerge from the woods—hence their name *pato de mato* (wood-duck), and wing their rapid flight away to some well-known fishy creek for their morning meal. Here, on a jutting, low, sandy beach, stood motionless, beautifully mirrored in the green glassy pool, a solitary *garsa*, a kind of large snow-white or rose-tinted stork; and when the flash of our paddles alarmed the watcher, it would rise with a shriek, and with its long legs stretched behind it, would fly to the other river-bank with a measured cadence of its heavy wings. On the third morning of this meditative navigation down stream, enticed by the crystal clearness of the water and a clean pebbly bottom where no *jacarés* could loiter, I determined to take a bath, and bade my guides land in order to make a fire and prepare some coffee. I had been more than usually annoyed by the nightly insects, and this early plunge I found extremely agreeable. I had no sooner entered the water and laid myself down to allow it to flow luxuriously over me, than I was surrounded by a multitude of small fish of the size of minnows, which tried to exercise upon me their lilliputian voracity. Their efforts to bite were truly comical, and their presence sufficiently assured me there was no large dangerous fish in the neighbourhood. The Indians call them *lambaris*, and pointed out some others mixed with them of the *pidva* species, which in time became as large as salmon. Formerly also the *tartarugas* or turtles, from whose eggs a sort of rich yellow butter is made, abounded in this river and its affluents, but from some cause or other, which I could not learn, this amphibious animal has now become scarce. While I was bathing I heard my guides shouting, and then saw them suddenly disappear into the wood, whence they soon emerged with a *tatú* or armadillo, which they had caught by running, and killed. It is a very curious creature, about eighteen inches long, having a snouted head like a small pigling, a long lizard-like tail, and a round short-legged body covered

all over with a shelly carapace of grey colour, transversely disposed in moveable scaly bands like the armour of our ancient knights. These scales overlap each other, and at the animal's will, when attacked, enable it to coil itself into a perfectly closed and invulnerable ball. Fire or hot water alone will compel it to uncoil itself. It is most excellent food: this happened to be a young and delicate one, so that it afforded us, when broiled in its own shell, a delicious breakfast.

At Cachoeira I found that the Bishop had not yet arrived, but there were rumours of his having for some time started on his journey. After staying one day in the hospitable mansion of Senhor Antonio Pereira, a rich fazendeiro of that village, I resolved to sail down the river until I should meet with his Lordship. Neither had he yet arrived at Rio Pardo, eighteen leagues by water lower down the stream; I therefore continued my voyage, and on the fourth day after leaving Cachoeira I found him at Santo Amaro, a small aldeia on the left bank of the river, near its junction with the Taquary. He had come up so far in a small steamer, the Tupy, but the captain would not venture any higher on account of the shallows, for the spring and summer had been, so far, unusually dry. The Bishop here hired a *lanchão*, a sort of square-sailed launch, with a crew of four men and a boy, to convey us to Rio Pardo, for the *padrão* or master said he could not reach Cachoeira up stream on account of the rapids. We were nearly seventy hours in making this voyage, for the wind failed us a few hours after starting, and we were obliged to punt and row nearly all the way.

We reached Rio Pardo at about seven in the morning, and were received on landing by the Vigario and some of the principal inhabitants. We went to lodge at the house of one Senhor Sanchez, a young army surgeon, a friend and I believe a countryman also of his Lordship. This gentleman did his very best, as well as his merry young wife—a true Bahianese, the Bishop said, with none of the stiff stateliness of the Rio Grande Senhoras—to make us very comfortable. During the day there arrived the Vigario of São-Gabriel, Padre Verás, his Lordship's former curate, who had undertaken to be our guide and purveyor during our forthcoming long journey, with half-a-dozen *peons* and *gauchos*, a couple of springless carts, and sixty or seventy horses and mules. Very early the next morning we started, for we had ten long leagues, or forty English miles, of campos to traverse as far as Cachoeira, and the road in some parts was

said to be extremely rough. Our manner of travelling through the campos, which resemble the great prairies of the northern continent, may well be described. The Bishop, the Vigario and myself were in one cart, seated on rugs, panchos, and carpet-bags; the other cart contained the luggage, the portable altar for Mass, and the provisions, viz., bacon, cold meat, wine, *caivaga*, *fariinha*, sugar, *maté* and coffee, with a kettle and a frying-pan. Each cart was drawn by three horses abreast, one of which was bestridden by a *peon*, and the mounted *gauchos* drove the rest of the cattle ahead across the campos. Every two or three leagues, the horses—which were kept together in a body by means of a *madriinha* (i.e., a godmother) a steady old mare with a bell hanging from her neck—were gathered close together by the *gauchos* who would select with the eye such as they thought fit for changing the teams of the carts, and adroitly catch them by the neck with the never-failing *laço*. It was strange to see with what passive docility the half-wild animal, which a moment before had been careering free as the wind over the plain, resigned itself to the harness when once it felt the *laço* round its neck; while those which were set at liberty for a time, scampered off some thirty yards, and after luxuriously rolling themselves a few moments in the long grass, would kick and frolic for very joy, like emancipated school-boys, and then joining the troop begin to feed.

After thus travelling for a few hours, sadly shaken and jolted in our carts by the roughness of the track, we took some rest by the corner of a wood, and prepared our meal. The horses were driven off some distance to feed, and we lay down on the grass under some shady tree until the *peons* had lighted a fire and made coffee. After a couple of hours we would resume our journey, and if there happened to be an estancia in the direction of our road, we generally managed to arrive thither at nightfall to claim a hospitality which is never refused; but if not, we slept anywhere in the open air, and in this climate there is no very great inconvenience in so doing, except of course in the rainy season, when the ground in the neighbourhood of streams is sometimes like a lake for miles and miles together.

Block-books.

LIKE all other arts and inventions, the art of printing has been of slow growth and gradual development. As in nature so in art, *nihil per saltum*, nothing is done by leaps. From the time of its first rude beginnings up to its present state of perfection, printing has grown, *occulto velut arbor ævo*; and as it demands more keen powers of observation than most people are blessed with to detect the earliest signs of the breaking forth of the first shoots of a plant from the seed, so it is no easy matter to say where printing from wooden blocks ends, and where printing from moveable type begins. These two sorts of printing run so closely into each other, dovetail into each other with such nicety, and overlap each other so broadly, that it requires a well-practised eye to distinguish the separate forms of existing early specimens, and to pronounce authoritatively and securely which has been produced from a block, which from moveable letters. Even those whose life-long pursuits would contribute the highest qualifications for a judgment on such a subject, do not always pronounce identically the same verdict, and when doctors disagree who shall decide?

What do we understand by a block-book? Anybody who chooses may in his leisure moments stroll into the British Museum and see one with his own eyes; but it is not within the means of every one to become the actual possessor of such a treasure. The owners of block-books may be counted on the fingers; the places where they lie are few and far between: so rare have they become. A small number may be found in the great public libraries of the principal capitals of Europe; but it is very seldom indeed that one meets even with a

solitary specimen in any private collection. Many of the readers of this paper therefore will probably never have seen a block-book; others may indeed have seen one in some public museum, but without knowing how to distinguish it from a book printed in the ordinary way; and fewer still will have ever had one in their own hands with leisure to examine it. But, to come back to our query, what is a block-book? We all know that now-a-days books are printed from letters cut or moulded at the extremity of small pieces of lead, and that each of these letters is loose and entirely separate from every other letter, and may therefore be placed wherever the printer wishes. We also know that when a page or sheet of a book has been printed off, the metal letters, or "type," are loosened from their frame, and may be used again for any other page or sheet. "Block printing" is printing without these facilities. The letters were not cut or moulded upon separate pieces of lead, but were cut all on one block of wood, so that they were not separately moveable, any more than portions of a steel plate or wooden block of an engraving can be disengaged from the rest of the plate. Books printed from blocks thus engraved are called "block-books."

No small effort is required for us now to throw ourselves back to a past age when even the art of reading was confined to comparatively few persons. Now that an account of events happening in every country of the civilised world is daily offered to every passer-by at every street corner, so that "he who runs may read;" now that the art of reading is no longer looked upon as an accomplishment, being possessed by every one, so that we almost think with Dogberry, that "to read and write comes by nature," it is difficult to persuade ourselves that there ever was a time when scarcely anybody knew how to read and write, save the clergy and those who had been brought up by them. We know, however, that there has been such an age, and we must bear it in mind when we are thinking of block-books. Given such a state of things, and a people to be instructed in the doctrines and duties of religion, and we may ask ourselves—how

were the clergy to set about their task? They made use of pictures. An ignorant person can very soon be taught that the image on a crucifix is a representation of Christ suffering for us—much sooner than he can be taught to read the Bible. In the middle ages, before the invention of printing, all the resources of sculpture, and carving, and painting were brought to aid the clergy in their duty of instructing the people. And admirable indeed was the success; so great, that we have not as yet discarded this assistance, and probably never shall. But the people cannot always be in the church or elsewhere, in the presence of these objects of sculpture, carving, or painting, so something else must be done for them. Besides, these works of art are of great price; they are far too dear for the poor man to purchase; something cheap must be contrived.

The first great step in this direction was the invention of engraving. This invention once made, thousands of copies of a picture might be struck off at very little cost indeed, and in fact were struck off, and distributed to the people at large. Carvings, and sculptured figures, and paintings, from which such engravings might be taken, existed in countless variety; and the engravings once produced, especially in the case of a series on the same subject, they would soon be sewed together so as to form a book. We even find that carvings, forming a continued series, were sometimes—like so many paper leaves—formed into a book, if that name may be given to such a collection. Visitors to the South Kensington Museum may have noticed, among the many treasures there, a book so formed, of which the leaves are so many ivory plates carved into devotional pictures. With such a book in one's hand, one could say one's prayers as well—perhaps better, for they would be less artificial—as from any of our modern prayer-books.

When such engravings became multiplied and various, it was necessary to add a word or two—sometimes whole sentences—to explain the figures and allusions, and particularly so when minor facts or details were intended to be represented. In these cases then, words or sentences

were engraved as well as the figures, sometimes in one part of the picture, sometimes in another, and again at other times they were entirely separated from the figures, and placed beneath, in a square or column by themselves, but really cut on the same block as the picture, and, so to say, forming one with the engraving. A number of leaves stamped with a series of such engravings would thus go to form what we now call a "block-book." The wood the artists then used for these blocks was not box-wood, upon which our modern artists try their skill, but the wood of the pear-tree.

The earliest known specimen of printing from an engraved block is neither upon paper nor vellum, but upon woven cloth. It dates as far back as the twelfth century. If the design and style are an index of its parentage, it is rightly said to be of Saracenic-Sicilian workmanship.* Towards the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century we find leather used for this purpose, and backs of books formed of leather stamped in this way have been brought to light in the Benedictine Monastery of Mölke. Tapestry was also produced by a similar process. Soon, from their greater cheapness and convenience, parchment and paper became of very general, almost universal use, and engravings upon metal, and cuttings upon wood, were transferred to those two substances from about the commencement of the fourteenth century, at an ever increasing rate.

The Chinese have anticipated many of our most important discoveries. As early as the year 593, that people printed from wooden blocks, and are known to have printed with moveable type in the middle of the eleventh century, though this latter system was laid aside by them till the year 1662. The first book printed by Europeans at Canton was printed from wooden blocks upon bamboo paper. It was sent out by the Jesuits in 1671. A copy may be seen under one of the glass cases in the

* For an exhaustive treatise on the whole subject of early printing, see Weigel und Zestermann: *Die Anfänge der Druckerkunst in Bild und Schrift*. Leipzig: Weigel, 1866. 2 vols., folio.

British Museum, among the "Typographical and literary curiosities."

It is gratifying to our national vanity to know that our country was not altogether unproductive in this style of printing. There is extant part of a block-printed broadside in English, dating between 1450 and 1470, containing stanzas on the seven principal virtues. The only other production of this sort which can be assigned to this country is a figure of the *Ecce Homo*, with an inscription.

The number of distinct block-books known to be in existence is fixed by M. Berjeau* at thirty-seven, not including different editions or copies of the same book. With the exception of five, and the various calendars, all are on directly religious subjects. We may arrange them with Dr. Falkenstein† in three classes: books with text and no pictures; books with pictures and no text; books with pictures and text. The first set would comprise very elementary school-books, such as *Donatuses*, so called after Ælius Donatus, a Latin grammarian of the fourth century. The second set would take in the *Bible of the Poor*, the *Apocalypse*, or *History of St. John the Evangelist*, the *History of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, the *Defence of the Virginity of Mary*, an *Exercise* [or Meditation] *on the Pater Noster*, a *French Calendar*, the *Dance of Death*, the *Apostles' Creed*, the *Ten Commandments*, the *Seven Deadly Sins*, the *Eight Rogueries*, and the *Fable of the Sick Lion*. The third set would include the *History of Antichrist*, the *Fifteen signs of the Last Judgement* (sometimes reckoned as one with the preceding), the *Art of Remembering*, the *Art of Dying*, the *Mirror of Man's Salvation*, Dr. Hartlieb's *Chiromantia*, the *Calendar of Regiomontanus*, the *Planetarium*, the *Wonders of Rome*, the *Legend of St. Meinrad*, the *Mirror of Confession*, the *Clock of Devotion*, and the *History of the Cross*.

Fac-similes of a great number of specimens of early

* *Catalogue illustré des Livres xylographiques*. Par J. Ph. Berjeau. Londres: C. J. Stewart. 1865.

† *Geschichte der Buchdruckerkunst in ihrer Entstehung und Ausbildung*: von Dr. Karl Falkenstein. Leipzig, 1840.

printing and engraving, mostly taken from these books, have been given in Mr. Leigh Sotheby's *Principia Typographica*. This is the finest work on early printing which has been published in this country, and cost the compiler many years of labour. But some of the above-mentioned block-books have within the last few years, been entirely reproduced in fac-simile. Of these we may mention the *Speculum Humane Salvationis*,* and the *History of the Cross*,† both sent out under the fostering care of Mr. Berjeau. Of these two the former is remarkable for uniting the last efforts of block-printing with the first attempts at printing with moveable type. Of the sixty-three pages which make up the book, twenty are xylographic, that is, the result of block-printing. The work itself can hardly be called a poem, though composed of rhyming lines, which are put together without measure and without rule. The author was probably Conrad of Altsheim, who lived in the fourteenth century, and his object is to show how the prophecies of the Old Testament and some remarkable events of profane history, are connected with the New Testament. In the four editions, called Coster's editions, there is presented a series of 116 engravings, arranged at the top of the page, in couples. Only one side of the leaf is occupied by the engravings and text, and these are placed facing each other, so that, like Chinese leaves of books, the blank pages might be pasted together. The first of these editions has twenty pages of which the entire text has been engraved upon wood, the remainder having been produced with moveable letters.

Mr. Berjeau thinks that the origin of the *Speculum Humane Salvationis*, of the *Biblia Pauperum*, of the *Canticle of Canticles*, of the *Ars Moriendi*, and of the *Historia Sancti Johannis*, must be ascribed to the Low

* *Speculum Humane Salvationis*: Le plus ancien monument de la xylographie et de la typographie réunies. Reproduit en fac-simile, avec Introduction historique et bibliographique, par J. Ph. Berjeau. Londres: C. J. Stewart, 1861.

† *Geschiedenis van het heylighe Cruys*: or History of the Holy Cross. Reproduced in fac-simile from the original edition printed by J. Veldener, in 1483. Text and engravings by J. Ph. Berjeau. London: C. J. Stewart, 1863.

Countries, and that, though different artists were engaged in their production, yet they put themselves under one general direction, that of the "Brethren of Common Life." The type of letters used, he says, is not German but Dutch. He supposes that when these Brethren had finished twenty pages of the work, they stopped short before the enormous labour of engraving the rest of the text in blocks, and returned to the idea of writing the remainder. It is difficult to give a more satisfactory explanation of the fact of twenty pages being printed from blocks, and the rest from moveable type. The date of the first edition he lays down as about 1435. Coster died about the year 1440. The engravings of the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis* were never copied, but passed on from the hands of the first Harlem printer into those of Veldener, who reduced them for his quarto edition of the book, and introduced some of them into his other works. Veldener's relations with the "Brethren of Common Life" confirm the theory of the woodcuts of the *Speculum* having been executed in their convents.*

The *History of the Cross* is formed of thirty-three leaves printed on both sides, and contains sixty-four engravings with four lines of rhymed text, in Dutch, under each engraving. At the end is a colophon printed from moveable type. The story is more or less the same as what is given in Caxton's *Golden Legend*. Upon the death of Adam an angel gives to Seth three seeds, which he places under his father's tongue when he is burying him. They shoot up into twigs, which later on fall into the hands of Moses and David. The three twigs grow into a tree, which is hewn down to be employed in the construction of Solomon's temple, but finally rejected as unsuitable. A Sibyl prophesies that Christ will die upon that wood. The Jews bury it on the spot which afterwards becomes the pool of Bethesda, and it is dug up to form the Cross. Helen comes in search of the Cross, and a miracle distinguishes it from the two others with which it had been buried. Through it many conversions are wrought.

In both these works, as in fact in all the books of this

* *The Bookworm*, I. 27.

time, the engravings are very quaint and droll. There is a homeliness, a *naïveté* about them, and a finish which can hardly fail to force a smile from any one who looks at them. Both as testimonies of the faith of those ages, and of the commencement and growth of an art which *mole ruit sua*—for “of writing books there is no end”—they are very valuable.

This is hardly the place to speak of the invention of printing with moveable type, but as the respective authors whom we have quoted above give their opinions on the matter, we may as well briefly state their conclusions. M. Berjeau claims the glory for Holland. He thinks it possible that printing was carried on in that country as early as 1410, but not with moveable type till 1423; and he gives the honour of the invention to Lawrence Coster, of Harlem, Gutenberg's first attempts, at Strasbourg, not being made till 1436. Mr. Leigh Sotheby agrees in giving the glory to Holland. On the other hand, Weigel and Falkenstein stand firm for the honour of their countryman John Gensfleisch, more commonly called Gutenberg, and for the city of Mayence. It is somewhat singular too that Caxton, in his continuation of *Higden's Chronicle*, printed in 1482, when speaking of the year 1457, says, “Also abowte this tyme the crafte of em-
pryntyng was first founde in Magounce in Almagne.” We must leave professed antiquaries to settle the dispute. Certainly more cities have contended for the glory of having invented printing than ever contended for that of being the birth-place of Homer.

Eudoxia: a Picture of the Fifth Century.

CHAPTER XX.

A FIRST MEETING.

ONE day Amantius begged Gunilda to introduce to the deaconess Pentadia a young girl who wished to become a catechumen. The Empress frequently employed him as her private secretary; and this happened to be the case just at the time when this girl had left the house of her harsh pagan father, full of longing for Christian instruction and compassionate shelter. Gunilda willingly agreed to his request, only asking whether the deaconess to whom she introduced her must of necessity be Pentadia. Amantius replied in the negative, adding that she might choose whatever deaconess she pleased.

"Then I shall take her to Olympias, for I already know her," said Gunilda; "so send your *protégée* to me when you will."

"She is already with your women, noble Gunilda. I ventured to take this liberty, feeling sure beforehand of your consent to do this work of charity."

"Oh, if only we could fill our lives with such works—that would be happiness!" she exclaimed.

"Forgive me," returned Amantius, "if I contradict that assertion."

She looked at him in utter astonishment.

"Noble Gunilda, the mere *doing* of works of charity does not give happiness, but the *spirit* of charity in which they are done; and every one of our actions, even the most insignificant, becomes a work of charity when it is done in that spirit."

"I can see how that is true," she said. "One might do a work of charity just by way of a change, and because one was tired of other occupations—much as I am going to do now—and then one is only a little interested for the time—one has not the real satisfying peace."

"You do yourself injustice," Amantius replied, with sympathising kindness.

"No, I do not," Gunilda answered, in a tone of deep melancholy. "My soul is a desert; and if all the streams in the world were to flow over it, it would be a desert still!" He was about to speak, but she stopped him. "I know what you are going to say—that it is my own fault. Perhaps so; but I am true to the faith of my fathers, and fidelity is a virtue after all."

"Surely, in the right place and the right way. Suppose your ancestors had fed on poison, would you do so—in spite of feeling that it was slowly killing you—because it was the custom of your country?"

"Of course not, when once I was convinced of its *being* poison."

"Tell me, lady, how you would think and act in such a case."

"I should think that I was at liberty to abandon such a custom, and I would procure wholesome food."

"And will you not do as much for your soul as you would for your body? But it is time for me to go to the Empress, and for you to take charge of this poor Flora."

As soon as Amantius had taken his leave, Gunilda sent for Flora. She was a beautiful young girl, but very pale and timid, and apparently very much awe-struck by Gunilda, before whom she stood shy and trembling. It seems that Flora's father was a money-changer, whose love of gold was a perfect idolatry. The only god he really worshipped was money; but as he knew that paganism fostered every sordid feeling and stifled every high aspiration, he preferred it to Christianity, and compelled his daughter to join in the pagan rites which were secretly celebrated in the city. But the girl resisted. She had no mother, and the old slave who waited on her shared her father's sentiments; but she had heard from some Christian neighbours of a heavenly teaching, which seemed to her wonderfully beautiful, and in spite of much ill-usage from her father the poor child kept faithfully to her determination to be a Christian. How to accomplish her desire she knew not. Her good neighbours advised her to appeal to the pious chamberlain Amantius; doubtless he, who stood so high in the Augusta's favour, would be able to protect her.

"And when you are a Christian—what then?" asked Gunilda.

"I do not know," answered the girl.

"But you must know what it is you wish—what you want to do," exclaimed Gunilda, half impatiently.

"To be a Christian," said Flora, in a distressed voice.

"I know that, child. But life will not come to an end because

you are a Christian; indeed, that will really be the beginning of a new life. What will you do with yourself?"

"I do not know," repeated Flora; "and, indeed, I do not care. I only want one thing—to be a Christian!"

"Will not your father be dreadfully angry—disinherit, disown you for his child?"

"Yes, he will do all that," said the weeping girl; "but I *must* be a Christian."

Gunilda felt that she would give the whole world to possess the firm decided resolution of this simple child. She would not acknowledge it to herself, but she was secretly glad of the excuse for visiting Olympias, and comparing her, in her character of deaconess, with that ideal vision of the moonlight visit four years ago: and it was in a state of suppressed agitation that, accompanied by the quiet Flora, she entered the house she so well remembered. They were shewn into the usual reception-room, but she longed to see the room with the little vestibule and the fountain. No sooner, however, did Olympias appear, than she forgot the room and everything else; and as soon as she had said that she had come to introduce a *protégée* of Amantius, she remained lost in contemplation of the woman who had always so strangely interested her. Olympias was only twenty-eight years old, but her hard life, together with her delicate health, had entirely robbed her face of all youthful bloom; yet the clear lustre of her eyes, the calm purity of her expression, and the wonderfully winning simplicity of her manner, gave her a spiritual look which, combined with her delicate features and noble bearing, made her strikingly beautiful still, and gave her a charm far beyond the transient one of youthful freshness. Gunilda thought of the faces she was accustomed to, with their beauty marred by vanity and wasted by passion, and Olympias seemed like a heavenly star contrasted with the glare of torches. She received her visitors with courteous kindness, and then, turning to Flora, asked her what it was she wished. And Flora answered as usual, "Oh, only to be a Christian!"

"You are quite right, my child," replied Olympias; "that is the all-sufficient wish for time and eternity. And when that wish is fulfilled, there is an end of all anxiety. He who has given the greatest of gifts, will surely give the rest."

"Oh, lady, how good you are!" and Flora fell at the feet of Olympias, weeping.

"God is good, my poor child, not I," said Olympias, affectionately. "I will keep you here then with me. You will have

many young companions who are preparing for the holy sacrament of baptism, so you are sure to feel at home with them. Theone will take care of you."

The agitated girl could scarcely stammer out a few words of gratitude to Gunilda and Olympias. Then Theone appeared, and took her away.

"It is such a consolation to see a young creature like that so full of longing for the true faith that she goes straight to the goal, unquestioning, undoubting. Flora is acting like the three kings when they saw the miraculous star; Flora's star is the grace of God." Olympias said this with an inward joy, which lighted up all her face.

Gunilda's answer was rather cold. "I do not see why one should rejoice so thoroughly in a good beginning, not knowing whether it will last."

"No one but God knows that," returned Olympias; "but, meanwhile, we thank Him and trust Him."

"It must require a very fortunate experience in the way of conversions to have such a strong faculty of hoping," said Gunilda.

"I hope in God, and not in man; and therefore human frailty does not make me doubt, or fear."

"But we live with men," said Gunilda.

"And with God too—do we not?" asked Olympias, smiling.

"You, who once knew the court and its ways well, must be aware that the former are made much more prominent than the latter."

"As in the case of Amantius; is that your meaning?"

"The reverse of his case is the rule," said Gunilda; "and for that reason, I suppose, it strikes and influences one the most. At least, I can answer for it in my own case."

"If those eastern kings had been of your way of thinking, noble Gunilda, they would have gone no further than Jerusalem; for certainly no one there had a thought of Him whom they found and adored in the cave of Bethlehem. When one is seeking the way to heaven, it is of no use to notice those who are following the ways of this world."

"Is not that pride?" asked Gunilda.

"Is there not a little secret disinclination to enter on the heavenly path in that question?" Olympias asked, in her turn.

"You are quick-sighted," said Gunilda, with a smile, "and I think there is truth in what you say. Now, do not be angry if I ask whether you are happy?"

"What do you understand by happiness? Do you think the possession of wealth, rank, health, and good position, give happiness?"

"These are external gifts of fortune—not happiness."

"Do you call the respect and admiration which the world—aye, the noblest of the world—gives to great virtues and talents, happiness?"

"That is homage—but not happiness."

"The sweet joys of family life, then?—the mutual love of parents and child, of husband and wife, of congenial friends—do you call that happiness?"

"That is a transient happiness, and, therefore, not real positive happiness. I understand, by happiness, something that is mine for time and for eternity."

"If you understand it so, then I *am* happy," answered Olympias, and she looked at Gunilda with earnest sympathy.

"Oh, you are happy to know that you possess an imperishable treasure. That must be the only true, eternal happiness. How I should envy you, if I did not feel far more disposed to love you. And I could not bear the idea of your having become a deaconess. But if it has brought you this great gift of happiness—— Oh, then you are one of God's chosen ones, and therefore greatly to be loved."

"It is better to love God himself," said Olympias, quietly. and as she spoke, she rose from her seat.

"What! are you going to leave me?"

"I must; my duties call me."

"And have you never time to talk with your friends, or to those to whom you do good?"

"Sometimes—but never for very long."

"That must be a great sacrifice, I think."

"If you think the greatest of all blessings can be gained without making many a sacrifice which it is hard to make, you are greatly mistaken. Grace will not make its home in a heart that wastes itself on earthly enjoyments. You would keep a valuable diamond in a separate casket, not among all sorts of common utensils."

"Well, I shall come next as a beggar; then I shall be sure of an interview," said Gunilda, playfully.

She left the house, with the feeling that she had found a treasure, for which she must thank God; and without waiting to analyse her emotions, she ordered her litter-bearers to take her to Sta. Sophia. She had been in the glorious basilica before—some-

times to hear a sermon, sometimes merely in the Empress' suite—never to pray. But prayer was a necessity to her soul to-day. She left her litter in the portico, and entered the church; then, throwing her veil back from her face, she knelt quietly down near a pillar opposite the high altar. Sta. Sophia was never without worshippers—sometimes many, sometimes few—and so Gunilda took no notice of a young man who at first was standing at a little distance opposite to her, then went on, returned, and remained hovering near her all the time she remained in the church, except for a few minutes, during which he went into the portico to survey the litter-bearers. There were not many there; the young man was condescending enough to enter into conversation with Gunilda's servants, and soon learnt from them the name of their mistress. When Gunilda rose from her knees, she remarked him looking at her with fixed attention; she turned away with a grave, dignified movement, dropped her veil, and left the church. The young man followed her litter at a distance, and when the bearers struck into the way leading to the Palace of Constantine, he disappeared in another direction, and soon afterwards presented himself, in a state of great agitation, at Eugraphia's palace.

She was engaged with visitors, when one of her servants came and whispered in her ear that she was wanted on particular business. She rose, dismissed her visitors with the air of a queen, and went hastily into the little cabinet adjoining the reception rooms. "What news?" she asked, on seeing Eugenius pacing restlessly up and down the room; "good or bad—from Alexandria or from Antioch?"

"Oh, I know nothing, and care nothing about that," exclaimed Eugenius; "I have reached a crisis in my life with which those affairs have nothing to do."

"You have loved me like a mother," he went on, in increasing excitement, "be one to me now, and help me to gain happiness—the only happiness for me."

A long conversation followed between the aunt and nephew, the report of which we shall spare our readers. Eugenius unblushingly declared that he had been struck with the deepest admiration for the beautiful Gothic lady whom he had seen in the basilica. He had, to do him justice, a very vague idea indeed as to where this admiration might lead him, but he imagined that his aunt's credit with the Empress might help him, in some way or other, to make himself acceptable to Gunilda. Eugraphia was either too conscientious, or too worldly wise, to think of encouraging him. She had not much respect, really, for the intelligence

of her nephew, and she opposed his wishes strongly. Just now, too—as she said—the cause which they had in hand would be ruined by any intrigue of the kind. The Patriarch's severity in maintaining discipline would be lauded to the skies, and Eudoxia herself would set no bounds to her anger.

As she spoke, Eugenius seemed calmer, and only replied by monosyllables to the warnings and arguments with which his aunt overwhelmed him. She began to think they were taking effect, but in reality he was occupied with his own thoughts. He saw that it was in vain to look to her for help or sympathy in the matter; “but if I take things into my own hands, and they come to a crisis,” so he mused, “she will not forsake me;—of that I am certain.”

When Eugraphia ceased speaking, Eugenius said quietly that he would think over all she had said, and then took his leave. No sooner was he gone, than she summoned Adonis to her presence. He was a little, dwarfish old man, with cunning eyes, and a remarkably keen expression—her oldest and most trusted slave.

“Adonis,” she said, “I wish you to keep a strict watch over my nephew—so strict that all his goings and comings must be known, so secret that he must have no suspicion on the subject. Whether you do this yourself, or employ another person, I do not care. But one way or other it must be done; he is in danger of a great misfortune. Do you understand me?”

“Perfectly, illustrious lady. It will not do to play the spy in my own person, I am too well known to the noble Eugenius; but my grandson, Adon, shall do it.”

“Adon!—that boy?”

“He is quick and clever, and as full of cunning as a serpent; and he is quite unknown to your illustrious nephew. He will undertake the business as much for his own pleasure as out of obedience to your commands; an important consideration when a lad of fourteen is concerned.”

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INTERVIEW.

A week of painful anxiety for Eugraphia succeeded the events related in the last chapter. She only saw Eugenius twice, and then when other visitors were present. Adon reported his daily

visits to Sta. Sophia, where he sometimes found Gunilda; when this was the case, he always held a conversation with her litter-bearers. Gunilda went almost every day to the house of Olympias—"as a beggar for spiritual alms," she said to Aman-tius. Eudoxia left her perfectly free as to her movements, knowing that this was the only way to win her. Her own thoughts were completely absorbed by the council which was so soon to meet. Sometimes a sudden fear of its possible results over-powered her; but then she would pacify her conscience by telling herself that it was just to inquire into the conduct both of Theophilus towards the Egyptian monks, and of Chrysostom towards his suffragans and his clergy. If the charges fell to the ground, so much the better! Of course no room must be allowed for the exercise of malicious feelings; but it was time for the Patriarchs to learn that high place and spiritual dignity did not raise them above the laws of justice and equity. Marsa watched her foster-daughter closely, and no sooner did she detect a kinder feeling on her part towards Chrysostom, than she fed the dying flame of her anger with fresh fuel, by representing as ascertained facts numberless calumnies of his enemies. Ever since he had taken up the defence of the innocent Tribune Nicator, against her brother, the Proconsul of Cilicia, her bitterness knew no bounds.

One day, at the hour when Adon usually brought the day's report to Eugraphia, he came, accompanied this time by Adonis, with a beaming expression that promised important news. His disordered attire was quite contrary to the etiquette required by his mistress, but she only saw in this a proof of his eagerness and devotion to her service, which did not even allow him to change the clothes in which he had been running about the streets of Constantinople for a week.

"Well," she asked, eagerly, "what news?"

"The noble Eugenius has carried off the lady Gunilda," was the triumphant reply; "but I know where she is!"

Eugraphia turned pale under her paint, and sank trembling on a couch. "Where? Speak quickly and plainly!"

"About sunset," the boy began, "I went as usual to Sta. Sophia, and posted myself behind a pillar. I had not been there long before the illustrious Eugenius passed into the church. Soon after came the lady Gunilda; and hardly had she entered when the noble Eugenius came out, said a few words to one of the litter-bearers, and then went into the church again. I could not keep my eye on the litter steadily while I was behind the pillar, because of the numbers of people passing and re-passing, so I

walked about a bit; and it was lucky I did so, for all at once, in a moment of confusion when several litters were meeting in the crowd, I saw the bearer to whom the illustrious Eugenius had spoken lift his arm up high, and then—how or whither, I do not know—he and his companions disappeared, and just as suddenly six new bearers, dressed exactly like the first, took their places by the litter. While I was racking my brains to find out the meaning of this, your nephew came out again, and looked very much pleased when he saw the change of bearers; he did not speak to them this time, but only kept walking up and down the portico. Now, you see, I had to watch three things at once—him, and the litter, and the church; so I was glad enough to see the lady Gunilda, veiled as usual, come out. She got into the litter, and the bearers moved off at a quick pace. I followed, through squares, up and down streets and lanes—I never knew before what a size Constantinople was!—sometimes looking back, but I saw nothing of the illustrious Eugenius. At last the litter stopped before a common-looking house, into which the lady went. A confectioner's shop was opposite, so I bought some sweetstuff, and sat down on the doorstep of the shop, watching the house. It was getting dark fast; but not too dark for me to see the illustrious Eugenius come by-and-by, knock at the door, and go in. I was just going away, when I saw a boy of my own age, in very dirty ragged clothes, devouring the things in the shop window with his eyes. I ran up to him, and held up my last sugar-stick, saying, 'Would you like to eat it?' 'I rather think so!' said he. 'Very well,' said I, 'you shall have it, and ten times more, if you will just sit down by yonder door, wait till I come back, and tell me who has been in and out. Now, is that a bargain?' 'Yes,' he said, 'if you will give me as much sweetstuff as I can eat. I have always wished to get that, just for once.' 'All right!' I said, 'wait just here.' Then I gave him the sugar-stick, and ran off. You see, noble Eugraphia, why I wanted some one to stand sentinel—it might be late when I got back, and if the shop was shut, and all in darkness, I might not find the right house very easily. No fear of my friend not knowing me again! So I have made all safe, and here I am."

"Bravo, Adon! You are a first-rate manager," said Eugraphia. "You shall have a whole basketful of sweetmeats. But mind you are ready to go with me. Adonis! my litter. I must hasten to the Prefect. Give the order quickly. I do not want it known in the house: perhaps matters may be set straight under cover of

the darkness, without anyone guessing the truth, thanks to your good management, little Adon."

We must at once relate how it had fared with Gunilda. She had intended for some time to pay a visit to Nicarete, a friend of Olympias, and her litter-bearers had been aware of her intention. They had been bribed by Eugenius, and had given him information of the projected visit. Eugenius, who was almost too weak-headed to invent any very ruffianly designs on his own account, had jumped at the idea of having Gunilda carried off to some place where he could obtain an interview with her. The poor youth knew nothing of her character, but the bad part of his own did not include daring and resolution sufficient to make him stick at nothing for the accomplishment of his plans. Gunilda, was, in reality, as far more than a match for him—even under the most disadvantageous circumstances—as a lion who has fallen by accident into the flimsy snares of a trapper for small game is more than a match for his quaking captor. Gunilda had simply thought that her own slaves were bearing her to Nicarete.

She was received by an elderly woman, who conducted her across a small court, and opening a door, begged her to enter. A little fountain played in the court, and the whole scene recalled to her mind her first visit to Olympias. "Oh, if I only knew where the truth is to be found," so her thoughts ran, "I would embrace it at once—unconditionally, without looking further—like Flora! But where is this certain assurance? who will give it to me?" Suddenly it struck her that she had been waiting a long while; and she went to the door, intending to call some one and to send word to Nicarete that she would return the next day at an earlier hour. But the door was fastened on the outside; and with a thrill of terror, which struck cold to her heart, she knocked loudly. She called her litter-bearers. No answer. There was a stillness like death all around, and she heard nothing but the beating of her heart. "What does it mean? Where am I? Who has betrayed me?—and why?" she asked herself, and sank, trembling with fear, into a chair. In a few moments she regained her composure. "Whatever the explanation may be," she said, half aloud, as if to make sure that her voice was steady, "whether treachery or a mistake, I shall require all my presence of mind. Only firmness and courage can help me now." A footstep approached, the bolt was drawn back, and in the newcomer Gunilda recognised the young man whom she had seen in Sta. Sophia. She addressed him with dignified condescension: "Are you the bearer of a message from the noble Nicarete? Can

I see her to-day, or will it be more convenient to her if I call to-morrow?"

Eugenius was completely thrown off his balance by her unembarrassed manner. He stammered out—"She is not here."

"Then I will trouble you to call my litter-bearers," said Gunilda, walking towards the door.

Eugenius stepped before her. "One word, noble Gunilda!"

She looked at him with cold surprise, saying, "It is not my habit to talk to persons I do not know, in a strange house."

"This house is mine, lady."

"Yours? Then there has been a strange mistake made in some way, and the sooner I leave it the better."

"Not till you have heard me," said Eugenius.

He then proceeded to unfold the wonderful proposal which his ingenious brain had conceived for the accomplishment of his wishes. In a clumsy, hang-dog manner, he entreated Gunilda's consideration for a poor young man who, through his own inexperience and the mistaken conduct of his friends, had become involved in connections which dragged him down to misery and sin. He had at length resolved to break his chain, and a way of freedom had opened to him which he could only hope to take through Gunilda's assistance. She would, he was sure, be ready at least to sympathise with the project, when she learnt that it was to be accompanied by the adoption, on the part of the person in question, of the Arian belief, to which she herself so firmly adhered. Such were the phrases—the true meaning of which only dawned by degrees on Gunilda—in which this miserable man, who had allowed himself to be made a member of the sacred ministry without a particle of vocation, for merely worldly ends, and, it must be added as a sort of wretched excuse, with the smallest possible modicum of theological instruction, veiled his proposal to apostatise from his faith for the sake of the lady before whom he stood.

Gunilda listened at first in utter bewilderment, and then with the most intense indignation. Strange to say—and it is for this alone that the plot of Eugenius has any importance in our story—it was this interview which first fully revealed to her her own state of mind and feeling with regard to Catholicism, and thus gave the final stroke which determined her conversion. The word, "Apostate!" rose to her lips; and the poor fool before her had the effrontery to ask her whether she called Arius an apostate? "I never did—till now," was the reply.

Eugenius had not the least power even of understanding the

storm of horror which his words had aroused in her heart. She controlled herself, however, and sat silent for a time. At last, "There must be an end to all this," she cried. "Out of my sight, renegade that you are to your faith! I demand my liberty at once."

Eugenius felt in himself no power to resist her. At the same time, a slight movement was heard outside. Eugenius opened the door, and met a confidential servant, who whispered, hurriedly, "There is no time to be lost, my lord; the noble Euphraphia is with the Prefect of the city. Imagine the scandal."

Eugenius reflected for a moment, then returned to Gunilda.

"I demand my liberty," she repeated, as he entered.

"I grant it; but on the condition that I may see you, speak to you again."

"God forbid! I demand my liberty, unconditionally."

"Be it so, then, and judge of my feelings for you. Your wish is my law; my litter-bearers await your orders."

"No," she said, decisively, "I have no confidence in you—I will go alone."

"Impossible! I will rather escort you myself, or see that you are properly attended."

"And do you not understand that I have far less fear in solitude than in your company? Happen what may, it cannot be bad as the insult which you have offered me. Let me pass."

Eugenius stood before her, with a face of perplexity and distress. "Take my servants; they are in readiness."

"I will accept nothing from you; I will go at once," she said, with a look and a tone of such resolute determination that he did not venture on further remonstrance. She left the room, crossed the entrance-hall, and walked to the outer door. He made a sign to his servant to open it. On the threshold, she turned round, saying, "Let none of you attempt to follow me; I will find my way alone."

But, brave as her words were, she was almost overpowered with nervous terror when the door closed behind her. She had never been alone in the city at any hour—never, even with attendance, in the evening. The street was narrow and retired, and wrapt in the deepest silence. She had no idea in what quarter of the city she was, nor which way to turn in order to reach the palace. Her breath came quick and short, and her feet seemed rooted to the ground; she stood like a marble statue in her long white dress, and as motionless. But as her eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, she perceived the figure of a boy

crouching near the door. "Do you know the way to the imperial palace?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, well enough; but I am going to wait here for cakes and sweetstuff," replied the child.

"I will give you as many sweets as you like, and a smart coat into the bargain, if you will show me the shortest way to the palace."

The boy sprang to his feet in a moment.

"Give me your hand, my child, the light is so dim," said Gunilda, nervously anxious to keep him at her side.

Eugenius and his servant had heard what passed; it had been the intention of the former to follow her at a distance, but he abandoned the idea when he heard the boy speak so certainly of his knowledge of the way.

A Retrospect.

Above the sea of time which is no more
My soul in backward flight is often cast,
To scan with searching eye her wasted past,
And all its saddening mystery explore.
Ah! drear the dim expanse she hovers o'er
Of sin and shame, and sloth to death allied,
Of virtues cankered by the tooth of pride,
And years without the wealth which good deeds store.
Is there no isle amid this barren deep
Where she may light and fold her wings to rest?
Yes; childhood still its fragrant bloom doth keep,
And floats as gently as a halcyon's nest
Beneath her. Oh! that thence she ne'er might roam,
But make for aye with innocence her home!

Papal Elections.

IN a previous article,* we have considered the Cardinals of the Roman Church, to whom at present belongs the right of supplying a vacancy in the Chair of St. Peter; we shall now proceed to describe the ceremonies which attend the death of a Pontiff and the election of his successor, continuing to draw our information chiefly from Moroni's *Dictionary*. A few words may be premised upon the origin of the name *Papa*, or Pope, now universally applied to the Bishop of Rome.

Many fanciful derivations of this title have been given. It has been supposed to be made up of the first syllables of the words *Pater Patriæ*, *Pater Pastorum*, *Pastor Pastorum*, or of the initial letters of the words *Petri Apostoli Potestatem Accipiens*; and a yet more extraordinary source has been found in the Latin interjection *Papæ!*—as though this exclamation were elicited by a sense of the greatness of the Papal dignity. There can be no doubt that the true origin is to be traced to the word meaning father, which is found in our own and in so many other languages. This word *Papa* is a title given at the present day in the Greek Church to all priests, much in the same way as, in the West, Father is employed of such priests as are religious. The same use of *Papa* formerly prevailed in the West, and this word appears to have been the usual title of bishops in the African Church—it is frequently thus employed by St. Augustine. The earliest instance of the use of the term by a Roman Pontiff seems to occur in a letter of St. Siricius,* about the year 386. St. Leo adopted the same title, which gradually became appropriated to its present sense. Towards the end of the tenth century,

* MONTH, June, 1868. Vol. viii., p. 579.

† Coustant: *Rom. Pontificum Epistolæ*, p. 659.

an attempt was made by Arnolph, Archbishop of Milan, to arrogate to himself a title which had then long been confined to the successor of St. Peter; his pretence was a wish to recur to the ancient customs of his Church—his real intent was to shake off some part of his subjection to the Holy See. This attempt was frustrated by the exertions of Pope Gregory V., who in 998 procured a condemnation of this pretension by a council held at Pavia. Since that time, the title Pope has often been usurped by pretenders to the Roman See; but the assumption of it has always been understood as indicating a claim to the supreme authority in the Church. In the West, there can be but one lawful Pope, though Anti-Popes may dispute the title of the legitimate Pontiff.

The early history of Papal elections is involved in great confusion and obscurity, it being almost impossible to distinguish between the exercise of a legitimate right and the novel and unjust usurpation of a vote in the election. The principal right of choice was always in the hands of the superior Roman clergy; but the inferior clergy, the people of the city, the nobles, the Byzantine Emperors and their viceregents at Ravenna, the barbarian princes of Italy, and, later, the heads of the revived empire of the West, all claimed a share in a business of so much importance to the whole of Christendom. The first Pope elected without the concurrence of the people was Celestine II., in the year 1143. A relic of the old imperial claim seems still to survive in the right of *veto* enjoyed by certain Catholic powers. The ancient confusion as to the right to a voice sufficiently accounts for the number of disputed elections and of rival claims to the Popedom of which we read. The honour of being the first Anti-Pope, as well as the first heresiarch, is assigned by old writers to Simon Magus; but the series is now more commonly made to begin from Novatian, who, in 254, disputed the validity of the election of St. Cornelius to the Pontificate, and procured the ordination of himself as Bishop of Rome in his place. He rested his claim on the ground of the ineligibility of Cornelius, who, as Novatian alleged, had been guilty of a sinful compromise when

brought before the magistrates to answer for his faith. The schism thus commenced endured for some generations. In the case of the second Anti-Pope of whom we read, the right of election seems to have been the point in dispute. On the death of Liberius in 367, the greater part of the Roman clergy concurred in choosing St. Damasus as his successor. A minority of the clergy were vehemently opposed to this choice; they alleged that Damasus had been an adherent of Felix, who, during the banishment of Liberius, had been raised by the authority of the Emperor Constantius to the exercise of the functions of Bishop of Rome. This was true; but it was also true that Liberius had himself recognised the acts of Felix as those of his vicar during his absence, and after his return had sedulously exerted himself to prevent any breach of unity resulting from the efforts of the imperial heretic. He succeeded in maintaining at least the outward semblance of concord during his life; but after his death, his self-styled friends proved themselves more Papal than the Pope himself; they ignored the election made by the majority of their brethren, and gave their voices to a deacon of the name of Ursicinus, who was unpolluted with the crime of having imitated the moderation of Liberius. It is with shame that we read in the pages of the heathen historian* of the tumult which ensued, and that in one day no less than one hundred and thirty-seven corpses were found of persons who had lost their lives within the walls of the Basilica of Sicininus,† where, as he puts it, there was a

* Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxvii.

† "In Basilica Sicinini, ubi ritus Christiani est conventiculum." Ammianus goes on to explain why men were so eager to dispute the possession of an office which half a century before had merely marked out the possessor as a probable martyr. He explains that the Roman See had become wealthy, so that the Bishop's carriage was conspicuous in the streets, his dress carefully attended to, and the dinners he gave on a par with the best—"Procedunt vehiculis insidentes, circumspecte vestiti, epulas curantes profusas, adeo ut eorum convivia regales superent mensas." Baronius says that Ammianus here speaks as an enemy of the Christian faith; but he quotes not only the words of the heathen, but also an anecdote told by St. Jerome (*Epist.* lxi.) of the confirmed idolater, Prætextatus, who used in joke to point out what argument would avail to secure his conversion—"Make me Bishop of Rome, and I will be a Christian to-morrow."

conventicle for the Christian worship. The imperial officers with difficulty put a stop to the disturbance; they found that the general feeling of the city was with Damasus, and the intruder was sent into banishment.

We need not make particular mention of the thirty-nine Anti-Popes who have successively vexed the Church.* It is enough for our purpose to remark that the uncertainty which prevailed as to the law of election often gave a colourable show of right to the counter claim. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries Anti-Popes were especially numerous. At length, in 1179, a canon was enacted by Alexander III. in the Third Council of Lateran, whereby the matter was put upon its present footing, and the right of election was confined to the College of Cardinals, but so that the concurrence of two-thirds of the electors should be necessary to a valid choice. This rule has ever since been followed, and we may conjecture, with Bouix,* that it will remain unchanged to the end of the world. Still, we must bear in mind that neither the requirement of any particular amount of agreement among the electors, nor any other of the existing usages regarding elections, have more than human authority, and that the Pontiff for the time being can make such changes as may seem good to him, to meet the peculiar dangers of his time. No less than ten Popes are enumerated as having contributed to the legislation regarding Papal elections. Among these it will suffice to mention Gregory X., who, in the Second Council of Lyons (1274), introduced the custom of confining the electors in a *conclave*; and Gregory XV., who prescribed the form of voting which is now in use.

On the death of a Pope the whole of the Pontifical jurisdiction passes to the College of Cardinals, who are how-

* Besides these, there have been others who never made even a show of exercising the Papal authority. There is a story that on the last occasion when the form of an election was gone through without valid result, the choice of the electors fell upon Martin Luther. On the sack of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, in 1527, some Lutherans who were in his army are said to have assembled with all the forms of a regular conclave, to have deposed the reigning Pope, Clement VII., and to have chosen their patriarch in his stead.

† *Tr. de Curia Romana*, p. 129.

ever forbidden by a canon of Gregory X. to exercise any part of this jurisdiction except in cases of pressing necessity. Thus it happens that the supreme dignity which belongs to them during the vacancy of the Holy See is manifested by little else than by the ceremonial observances which usage requires in their regard. For example, during the interregnum no cardinal can allow any person of what rank soever to sit by his side in his carriage. The executive officer of the supreme body is the Cardinal *Camerlengo*, or Chamberlain, who assumes the title and character of Secretary of the Sacred College. The Penitentiary and the Vicar of Rome also continue to exercise such part of their functions as belong to the internal forum. It is easy to conceive the confusion which must have attended this sudden paralysis of all authority in so turbulent a city as mediæval Rome; and thus, while the lawless of all ranks regarded the *Sede Vacante* as the best feast that ever came round—as a bad courtier is said to have described it to a reigning Pope—all friends of order and discipline used every effort to procure a speedy election. It is said, on we know not what authority, that St. Linus succeeded St. Peter in his See on the very day after the glorious martyrdom of the Apostle; and the chroniclers seem to have looked back to this short vacancy as to a mark of the golden age. The longest interval occurred after the death of Clement IV., towards the end of November, 1268. The election was held at Viterbo, and it was soon found that the Cardinals were almost equally divided into a French and an Italian faction. Months passed by without the requisite agreement being attained. Every endeavour was used to terminate the discord. St. Bonaventure, then at the height of his reputation and influence, represented the evils which the whole Church suffered in consequence of the delay. The Kings of France and of Sicily, coming in person to Viterbo, pointed out how ruinous it was even to those political interests which it was supposed to subserve. The magistrates of the town took a yet more stringent measure to quiet the disturbances of which their streets were daily the scene: they shut the refractory Cardinals up in the

palace of the bishops of Viterbo, and put a strict limit on the quantity of food supplied ; some say that they went so far as to remove the roof, thus allowing the weather to have its share in giving a Pope to the world. At length some or other of these measures succeeded ; an election *by compromise* was agreed upon, and the whole body submitted to be bound by the choice of six of their members ; these selected Theobald Visconti, Archdeacon of Liège, who became Pope on September 1, 1271, after a vacancy of two years and ten months, and took the name of Gregory X.* Mindful of the circumstances of his own election, this Pontiff made some strict regulations as to the number of dishes to be supplied to each Cardinal in the conclave, which, as we have seen, he established. The effect of his legislation was so good that the next vacancy lasted no more than eleven days.

To each of the ten days succeeding the death of the Pope a particular business is assigned to be disposed of by the Cardinals who may happen to be in Rome ; this business relates either to the obsequies of the deceased, or to the preparations for the coming election. On the evening of the tenth day, the electors, with an approved suite of attendants, enter the conclave. This is in a portion of the palace in which the late Pope died, usually the Quirinal, and is so called from the inmates being locked in together until their task is completed. Within this portion, small cells are constructed for the use of each Cardinal and his two conclavists, to whom a third is added in extraordinary cases, as in that of the Penitentiary, and others, whose office entails a large correspondence. One of the conclavists is always a cleric, and often enjoys great influence with a master who, not having been resident in Rome, may be unacquainted with the state of parties in the city. Besides the electors and their conclavists, the enclosure contains a sufficient staff of masters of ceremonies, physicians, and other necessary attendants. Any

* The Romans are fond of embodying history of all kinds in epigrams. Here is one which commemorates the great conflict of Viterbo—

Pastoris munus tulit Archidiaconus unus,
Quem Patrem Patrum fecit discordia Fratrum.

Cardinal who was absent from Rome when his brethren entered the conclave, is admitted upon his arrival; but the rule which forbids the entrance of strangers is strict and absolute, in practice as well as in theory. The passage of correspondence between the inner and the outer world is forbidden in theory, but in practice means are sometimes found to elude the vigilance of the guards; the rule absolutely prohibiting it is as obsolete as that which limits the number and quality of the dishes supplied to the table of the electors.

Three possible forms of election are recognised by the writers on the subject—by acclamation, by compromise, and by scrutiny and accession, which last is alone now in use. We have already seen an instance of election by compromise in the termination of the famous contest of Viterbo. An election by acclamation supposes that all the electors unanimously adopt the suggestion of one of their number, who names as Pope a person to whom no vote had previously been given. Such is said to have been the election of St. Fabian in 238, and of St. Gregory VII. in 1073. In more modern times, many elections have been carried by this kind of unanimous acclamation, and confirmed afterwards by a regular vote. Such was the case with Sixtus V., in 1585; the Cardinals had agreed in saluting him as Pope, and in the subsequent scrutiny he was found to have united all the votes except his own. The prudence of the regular practice was, however, illustrated in the stormy conclave which followed the death of Innocent XI., in December, 1591. The Cardinal Santa Severina was named by what might have passed for unanimous acclamation; but it seemed well to proceed to scrutiny, in which Santa Severina failed to secure the requisite majority of votes, and at length Cardinal Aldobrandini was chosen, as St. Philip Neri had long before predicted to him, and assumed the name of Clement VIII.

It remains to describe briefly the mode of election by scrutiny and accession, by which all elections have been conducted since the time of Gregory XV. The voters are the Cardinals present in the conclave, including even those whose "mouths have not been opened," but exclud-

ing such as have been deposed from their dignity. It is said that no censure—not even excommunication—would have the effect of depriving a Cardinal of his voice in conclave; but there can be no doubt that an express sentence of deposition by the reigning Pontiff would effectually deprive the guilty person of all the privileges belonging to the Cardinalate. Any Catholic man whatever is eligible to the Popedom, neither the lay state nor the marriage bond being recognised by the Canonists as an impediment. There is, however, little chance that this doctrine will ever receive a practical confirmation.* By an usage which has now continued without interruption for five centuries, the Pope is chosen from among the body of the Cardinals, the latest instance to the contrary being the election of Urban VI., in 1378. The choice generally falls upon a Cardinal who has attained that dignity after passing through the regular *carriera* of judicial and diplomatic employment which is open in Rome to persons distinguished for their acquaintance with the Canon Law. The career of the reigning Pontiff, Pius IX., commenced with his being sent on a diplomatic mission to the Republic of Chili. No other Pope has ever set foot in the New World.†

The vote by scrutiny is taken twice every day, in the chapel of the palace in which the conclave is held; this is, of course, within the enclosure. The Cardinals alone are present. A blank form of voting paper is supplied to each, which he fills up with his own name and the name of his nominee. These papers are then folded and sealed, so that neither name is visible, and are deposited by the

* See a discussion of the questions which the doctrine raises in Ferraris, *Bibliothec. Canonic. s. v. PAPA*, art. I., n. 48, seq.

† Of the twenty-five Popes who have reigned since the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find four only who have been members of religious orders—Benedict XIII. was a Dominican, Clement XIV. a Conventual Friar, Pius VII. a Benedictine, while Gregory XVI. belonged to the Order of Camaldoli. Almost all modern Popes have sprung from families of the class which in Italy are termed noble. In early times cases are not unfrequent such as that of the English beggar-boy, who being taken into the service of the monastery of St. Rufus, at Avignon, rose to be abbot there, and at length, in 1154, became Pope under the name of Adrian IV.

electors in turn in a large vase placed upon the altar to receive them. The formula of election is extremely simple—"I, N—, elect for Sovereign Pontiff, M—."* When all have voted, the names of the nominees are opened by three of the Cardinals deputed by lot for the purpose, and the votes are counted. If one name be found to have united more than two-thirds of the votes, the election is complete; if the votes for one person are precisely two-thirds of the whole number, the names of the voters are inspected, that it may be ascertained that the vote of the person himself has not concurred to give him this canonical majority, for none is allowed thus directly to co-operate to his own elevation. If the requisite concurrence is not found to have been attained, recourse is had to the accession. This is a second vote, in which every voter is at liberty either to retain his former choice, or to transfer his vote to some other of those who had been nominated.† The formalities are precisely the same as those of the scrutiny which has preceded. If still no election has been carried, the proceedings are adjourned to the time appointed for the next scrutiny. The voting papers are burnt, the name of the voter remaining unopened.

We hear a good deal of the political influences which are often at work in the conclave, and it seems to be imagined that if the existence of such influences be established, a slur is thrown on the divine character of the Papacy. This idea betrays a misconception of the nature of the Church, in which the action of human instruments is providentially disposed for the attainment of a supernatural end. Considering the mighty and wide-spreading interests at stake, and the number of the electors of different nationalities, the entrance into their minds of political considerations could be excluded only by a miracle, which would destroy all human action on their part. Such is not the course of God's providence; He uses other means to carry out His designs. That States, as such, are concerned

* Ego — — Card. — — Eligo in Summum Pontificem R'm D. meum D. Card. — —.

† The form is as follows: Ego — — Card. — — accedo Reverendiss. D. meo D. Card. — —.

in the proceedings of the Sacred College, is shown by the recognised existence of Cardinal Protectors of the different Catholic countries. These are Cardinals chosen by the state, and commissioned to attend to its interests wherever the influence and position of a Cardinal may be useful to it. This institution is clearly open to abuse in the hands of an unscrupulous man, but the recognition of something of the sort has been found necessary, to avoid the risk of greater evils from underhand proceedings. Instances are not wanting where political influence has been brought to bear to secure the election of a particular person, who, on being raised to St. Peter's Chair, has disappointed the expectations formed concerning him, and has pursued a line of conduct directly opposed to the wishes of his political supporters. We may cite an example from English history. On the death of Adrian VI., in 1523, Henry VIII. would gladly have seen his favourite, Wolsey, raised to the Pontifical throne; but this being almost hopeless, he gave the whole weight of his influence to promote the election of Cardinal Medici, as being likely to favour his darling project of the divorce. Medici was elected, and took the name of Clement VII.; and this Pope, by a solemn definitive decree, after full discussion, pronounced the marriage with Catharine valid, and the connection with Anne unlawful, thereby putting an end to any further argument upon the matter.

We may notice in this place the practice of the *exclusiva*, or veto, by which each of the three Cardinals who enjoy the confidence of the courts of Paris, Madrid, and Vienna,* may intimate, once in each conclave, that the elevation of some particular person would not be acceptable to the respective sovereigns. Recourse is commonly had to this intimation when it is seen, from the scrutinies, that some objectionable person has nearly united the votes of the requisite number of Cardinals. No absolute right of exclusion is recognised, and Paul IV. was elected, in 1555, in defiance of the veto of Spain. The certain displeasure,

* This right was once allowed to a King of England, claiming it in person: this was Cardinal York, the grandson of James II., who enjoyed at Rome the style of Henry IX.

however, of one of the great Catholic powers, cannot but form a serious objection to the proposed election. The practice seems to date from the sixteenth century, but its exact origin appears to be lost.

At length, after a series of scrutinies, it is seen that some particular person is sure of election. After this, it is usual for opposition to be given up, so that the final scrutiny is almost unanimous. The election being thus complete, the Cardinal Dean inquires of the elect whether he accepts the charge. Earnest solicitation has often been needed to overcome the repugnance caused by a sense of unfitness for so weighty a burden. The resistance of Clement XI., in 1700, continued for three entire days. The Cardinals know well the truth which Pius VII. expressed when he said that, "Were there a novitiate before the Popedom, few would go on to the profession."

When the office has been accepted, the Holy See is at once full, the further ceremonies of adoration by the Cardinals, coronation in St. Peter's, and the like, being no way necessary for giving the fulness of jurisdiction. Confirmation by the ecclesiastical superior is needed after elections to other benefices; but the See of St. Peter acknowledges no superior upon earth, and confirmation can have no place.

After the acceptance, the Cardinal Dean inquires of the new Pontiff what name he will take—the ordinary, but not invariable custom, being that the baptismal name be changed for some other. The first undoubted instance of this practice seems to be that of Sergius IV., elected in 1009. The reason of his change is said to have been that out of reverence for the Prince of the Apostles, whose name he had received in baptism, he was unwilling to reign as Peter II.; a few somewhat earlier examples are adduced, but they seem very doubtful. The latest instance of a Pontiff retaining his baptismal name is that of Marcellus II., elected in 1555. The last act of the conclave is the announcement of the election made by the Cardinal Dean to the people, "I bring you tidings of great joy: we have a Pope."* With this joyful proclamation, we close our article.

* "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: Papam habemus."

A Narrative of the Days of Persecution.

PART V.

FATHER Gerard's account of his detention in prison may be conveniently divided according to the various places of his confinement. In our present paper we give some extracts from his narrative during the time which he spent in the "Clink."

After three months, some of my friends made efforts to have me removed to another more comfortable prison, seeing that nothing could be proved against me except my priesthood; and this they obtained by means of a handsome bribe to Yonge. So they sent to my prison, which was called the Counter, and took off my fetters. These were rusty when they were first put on; but by wearing and moving about in them every day, I had rendered them quite bright and shining. My cell was so small, that a man who had his legs free, might take the whole length of it in three steps. I used to shuffle from one end to the other, as well for exercise, as because the people underneath used to sing lewd songs and Geneva psalms; and I wanted to drown, by the clanking of my chain, a noise that struck still harsher on my ear. My fetters then being removed, and my expenses paid, (which were not great, as I had had little but butter and cheese to season my bread withal,) they brought me before Yonge, who, making a show of anger, began to chide and upbraid me more than was his wont, and asked me whether I was yet willing to acknowledge where and with whom I had lived. I answered that I could not do so with a safe conscience, and therefore would not. "Well then," said he, "I will put you in closer confinement, where you shall be safer lodged, and have iron bars before your window." Forthwith he wrote a warrant, and sent me to the prison that is called the Clink*. He made all this show, that he might not appear to have taken money for what he did. The fact was, that the prison to which I was now sent was far better than the other, and more

* This was a prison in Southwark. In Fr. More's Latin narrative it appears as *Atrium Wintoniense*. Southwark is in the Diocese of Winchester, and much property in that neighbourhood belonged of old to the Bishop. It is presumable that the Clink had been some official building connected with the See of Winchester.

comfortable for all prisoners ; but to me it afforded especial comfort, on account of the great number of Catholics whom I found there.

They could not now hinder me from approaching the sacraments, and being comforted in divers other ways, as I shall afterwards show ; for when I had been there a few months, the place was by God's grace so improved, that as for discharging all the duties of the Society, I should never wish to be at large in England, provided I could always live in the like prison and after the like fashion.* So my being shut up in the Clink, seemed like a change from purgatory to paradise. Instead of lewd songs and blasphemies, the prayers of some Catholic neighbours in the next room met my ear. They came to my door to cheer me up, and showed me a way by which we could open a freer communication. This was through a hole in the wall, which they had covered with a picture, that it might not be seen. By means of it, they gave me, on the morrow, a letter from my friends ; and at the same time furnished me with materials for writing back. I wrote therefore to Fr. Garnet, and told him the whole truth of what had happened to me, and what manners of replies I had made, as I have set forth above. I also confessed, and received the Most Holy Body of Christ, through that same hole. But I had not to do this long, for the Catholics contrived to fashion a key that would open my door ; and then every morning, before the gaoler got up, they brought me to another part of the prison, where I said Mass, and administered the sacraments to the prisoners lodged in that quarter ; for all of them had got keys of their cells. I had just such neighbours as I would have picked out, had I had my choice. My next door neighbour was our Brother, Ralph Emerson, of whom Fr. Campion in a letter to Fr. General makes mention in these terms, "My little man and I." He was indeed small in body, but in steadfastness and endurance he was great. He had been already many a long year in bonds, ever keeping godly and devout, like a man of the Society : and after my coming to the Clink, he remained six or seven years more. At last he was sent off, with other confessors of Christ, to the castle of Wisbeach, where he was attacked with palsy. One half of his body was powerless, so that he could not move about or do the least thing for himself. He lived notwithstanding, to add by his patience

* Fr. Bartoli in his *Inghilterra*, Book V. ch. 13, has the following passage about Fr. Gerard, whom he knew personally at Rome :

"At his first entrance into this prison (the Clink) he procured himself a habit of the Society, and continued to wear it from that time forward, even in the face of all London when he was being taken to his different examinations ; so that the people crowded to see a Jesuit in his habit, while the preachers were all the more exasperated at what they thought an open defiance of them."

Fr. Bartoli embodies a great deal of this narrative of Fr. Gerard in different parts of his *History of the Society in England*.

fresh jewels to the crown that awaited him. Being driven into banishment with the same company, he came to St. Omer's, and died a holy death there, to the great edification of the by-standers. I found this good Brother my next neighbour in the Clink ; over-head I had John Lilly, whom God's providence had shut up there for his own good and mine. I had other godly men around me, all true to their faith. These having the free run of the prison, any one might visit them without danger. I arranged therefore, that when any of my friends came to the prison, they should ask to see one of these ; and thus they got to have talk with me without its being noticed. I did not however let them into my room, but spoke to them through the aforesaid hole.

So I passed some time in great comfort and repose ; striving the while to gather fruit of souls, by letter and by word of mouth. My first gaoler was a sour-tempered man, who watched very closely to see that there were no unlawful doings amongst us. This called for great wariness on our part, to avoid discovery : but ere long God summoned him from the wardenship of the prison, and from the prison of his body at the same time. His successor was a younger man of a milder turn. What with coaxing, and what with bribes, I got him not to look into our doings too nicely, and not to come when he was not called for, except at certain fixed times, at which he always found me ready to receive him. I used the liberty thus granted me for my neighbours' profit. I began to hear many confessions, and reconciled many persons to the Catholic Church. Some of these were heretics, but the greater number were schismatics, as I could deal more freely with these than with the others. It was only after long acquaintance, and on the recommendation of trusty friends, that I would let any heretics know how little restraint was put upon me. I do not remember above eight or ten converts from heresy, of whom four entered religion. Two joined our Society, and the other two went to other Orders. As for schismatics, I brought back a goodly number of them to the bosom of the Church. Some became religious ; and others gave themselves to good works in England during the persecution.

One of them, he tells us, Mr. John Rigby, was put to death for nothing but having become a Catholic. He was pleading the cause of a Catholic lady before the judges, when they suddenly asked him, whether he was a Catholic himself. He said he was.

"So you have been reconciled to the Church of Rome?" Such a reconciliation is high treason by their unjust laws, and it was of this that they wanted to make him out guilty. He did not notice the snare. He had been taught that it was sinful to say that one was not a Catholic, and thought perchance that it was

forbidden also to throw the burden of proof on the persecutors, as is the custom of those that are wary. So like a light-hearted, godly, and courageous man, as he was, he frankly answered that he had been reconciled. He was at once handcuffed, and thrown into prison. At his trial he made another good confession of his faith, declaring that he gloried in being a Catholic. He received the sentence of death with joy. Whilst it was being pronounced, and he standing before the judges the while, of a sudden the gyves were loosened of themselves, and dropped off his legs. They were replaced by the gaoler, and, if I mistake not, dropped off a second time. He was led back to prison, whence, shortly before his martyrdom, he wrote me a letter full of thanks for having made him a Catholic, and helped (though little indeed) to place him in those dispositions, which he hoped would soon meet with their reward from God. He also sent me the purse which he used to bear about with him : I use it now, in honour of the martyr, to carry my reliquary in. As he was being drawn to the place of punishment, he was met by a certain Earl,* in company with other gentlemen. The Earl seeing him dragged on the hurdle, asked what he had been guilty of. The martyr overheard him, and answered : "Of no offence against the Queen or the State. I am to die for the Catholic faith." The Earl, seeing him to be a stalwart and comely man, said : "By my troth, thou wast made rather for for gallantry than for martyrdom." "As for the matter of gallantry," the martyr answered, "I call God to witness, that I die a virgin." (This statement I can myself confirm.) The Earl was much struck at what he heard ; and from that time began to look upon Catholics and their religion in a better light, as he has often since given proof. So the holy man went to heaven, where I doubt not that he pleads before the throne of God for his unworthy father in Christ.

We may give another martyrdom, that of a Mrs. Line, once a Miss Kergham, who had for a time managed Fr. Gerard's house in town. She had, with one of her brothers, been disinherited by her father, for becoming a Catholic. Her husband had lost his father's and his uncle's fortunes, which were left to a younger brother, because he would not "conform and go to some heretical church for once."

When I was rescued out of prison, she gave up the management of my house ; for then so many people knew who she was, that her being in a place was enough to render it unsafe for me. So a room was hired for her in another person's house, where she often used to harbour Priests. One day (it was the feast of the Purifi-

* The Earl of Rutland. See Challoner's *Missionary Priests*.

cation of the Blessed Virgin) she let in a great many Catholics to hear Mass, a thing which she would never have done in my house. Good soul, she was more careful of me than of herself. Some neighbours noticed the throng, and called the constables. They went upstairs into the room, which they found full of people. The celebrant was Fr. Francis Page, S. J., who was afterwards martyred. He had pulled off his vestments before the priest-hunters came in; so that they could not readily make out which was the Priest. However from the Father's grave and modest look, they thought that he must be their man. Accordingly they laid hold of him, and began questioning him and the others also. No one would own that there was a Priest there: but as the altar had been found ready for Mass, they acknowledged that they had been waiting for a Priest to come. While the Catholics and their persecutors were wrangling on this point, Fr. Francis Page, taking advantage of some one's opening the door, got away from those that held him and slipped out, shutting the door behind him. He then went upstairs to a place that he knew, where Mrs. Line had had a hiding-place made, and there he ensconced himself. Search was made for him the whole house over, to no purpose.

So they took Mrs. Line and the richer ones of the party to prison, and let the others go on bail. God lengthened out the martyr's life beyond her expectation. It was some months before she was brought to trial, on a charge of harbouring and supporting Priests. To the question of "guilty or not guilty," she made no direct answer, but cried out in a loud voice, so that all could hear her: "My Lords, nothing grieves me, but that I could not receive a thousand more." She listened to the sentence of death with great show of joy, and thanksgiving to the Lord God. She was so weak, that she had to be carried to court in a chair, and sat there during the whole of the trial. After her return to prison, a little before her death, she wrote to Fr. Page, who had escaped. The letter is in my hands at present. She disposed therein of the things that she had, leaving to me a fine large Cross of gold that had belonged to her husband.

* * * * *

Being arrived at the place of punishment, some preachers wanted to tease her, as usual, with warnings to abandon her errors; but she cut them short, saying, "Away! I have no dealings nor communion with you." Then kissing the gallows with great joy, she knelt down to pray, and kept on praying till the hangman had done his duty. So she gave up her soul to God, along with the martyr Fr. Filcock, S. J., who had often been her confessor, and had always been her friend. Her martyrdom however happened six or seven years after the time of which I am now speaking. She managed my house for three years, and received therein many holy Priests. At this time also she made a vow of chastity, a virtue which she had practised even as a wife.

The following anecdote relates to the death of one of the priests, Robert Drury, harboured by Fr. Gerard :

At his martyrdom happened a note-worthy circumstance. When he arrived at the scaffold, some of the principal officers pressed him to have pity on himself, to conform to the King's laws, to go to the Protestant church, and to save his life. "Well, my masters," said the martyr, "can you warrant me that I shall truly be saved from death, if I consent to go to your churches?" "Aye, verily can we," they replied, "and we promise you this in the King's name, that you shall not die." Then the martyr turned him to the people, and said aloud : "You see now what sort of high treason they find us guilty of. You see that religion is the only cause for which I and other Priests are put to death." Hereupon the officers were enraged, and revenged themselves by cutting him down directly he was turned off, and disembowelling him while he was still alive. But they killed his body only, and had nothing more they could do to him.

While in the Clink, Fr. Gerard was again more than once examined. Here is an account of one of these occasions :

While I remained in this prison, I sent over numbers of boys and young men to Catholic seminaries abroad. Some of these are, at this present, Priests of the Society, and engaged on the English Mission : others still remain in the Seminaries, in positions of authority, to assist in training labourers for the same field. On one occasion I had sent two boys on their way to St. Omer's, and had given them letters of recommendation, written with lemon-juice, so that the writing was not visible on the paper. In the paper itself I wrapped up a few collars, so that it might seem that its only use was to keep the collars clean. The boys were taken, and, on being questioned, confessed that I had sent them. They let out also that I had given them this letter, and had told them, when they came to a certain college of Ours, by which they had to pass to reach St. Omer's, to bid the Fathers steep the paper in water, and they would be able to read what I had written. On this information then, the paper was steeped by the authorities, and two letters of mine were read, written on the same paper. One was written in Latin to our Belgian Fathers ; this I had consequently signed with my own proper name. The other was addressed to our English Fathers at St. Omer's. The letters having been thus discovered, I was sent for to be examined.

Yonge however was no longer to be my examiner. He had died in his sins, and that most miserably. As he lived, so he died :^s he lived the devil's confessor, he died the devil's martyr : for not

* "Qualis vita, finis ita."—*MS.*

only did he die in the devil's service, but he brought on his death through that very service. He was accustomed to work night and day to increase the distress of the Catholics, and to go forth frequently in inclement weather, at one or two o'clock in the morning, to search their houses. By these labours he fell into a consumption,† of which he died. He died moreover overwhelmed with debt, so that it might be clear that he abandoned all things for the devil's service. Notwithstanding all the emoluments of his office, all the plunder he took from the persecuted Catholics, and the large bribes they were constantly giving him to buy off his malicious oppression, his debts were said to amount to no less a sum than a hundred thousand florins; and I have heard even a larger sum mentioned than this. Perhaps he expected the Queen would pay his debts; but she did nothing of the sort. All she did, was to send a gentleman from Court to visit him, when he was confined to his bed, and near death; and this mark of favour so delighted him, that he seemed ready to sing *Nunc dimittis*. But it was a false peace, and the lifting up of the soul that goes before a fall; and like another Aman, he was bidden not to a banquet, but to execution, and that for ever. So with his mouth full of the Queen's praises, and his great obligations to Her Majesty, he died a miserable death, and anguish took the place of his joy. The joy of the hypocrite is but for an instant.

This man's successor in the office of persecuting and harassing the servants of God, was William Wade, now Governor of the Tower of London, but at that time Private Secretary of the Lords of the Council. For the members of the Council choose always to have a man in their service, to whose cruelty anything particularly odious may be attributed, instead of its being supposed to be done by their warrant. This Wade then sent for me, and first of all showed me the blank paper that I had given the boys, and asked me if I recognized it. I answered: "No, I do not."—And in fact I did not recognize it, far I did not know the boys had been taken. Then he dipped the paper in a basin of water, and showed me the writing, and my name subscribed in full. When I saw it, I said: "I do not acknowledge the writing: any one may easily have counterfeited my handwriting and forged my signature; and if such boys as you speak of have been taken, they may perhaps in their terror say anything that their inquisitors want them to say, to their own prejudice and that of their friends; a thing I will never do. At the same time, I do not deny that it would be a good deed to send such boys abroad to be better educated; and I would gladly do it, if I had the means; but closely confined as I am in prison, I cannot do anything of the kind, though I should like to do it." He replied to me with a torrent of abuse for deny-

† "*Morbum regium.*"—*M.S.* Consumption is a form of Scrofula or King's Evil, and seems to be a form most likely to be brought on by the causes here mentioned.

ing my signature and handwriting, and said : "In truth, you have far too much liberty ; but you shall not enjoy it long." Then he rated the jailor soundly, for letting me have so much freedom.

Another time, Topcliffe tried to get him to confess that he had "reconciled" persons to the Church :

Then Topcliffe said : "Tell the truth : have you reconciled any persons to the Church of Rome." I quite understood his blood-thirsty intention, that being a thing expressly prohibited under penalty of high treason, as I mentioned before in the case of Master Rigby who was martyred ; but then I knew I was already as much compromised on account of my Priesthood, and therefore I answered boldly : "Yes, in truth I have received some persons, and I am sorry that I have not done this good service to more." "Well," said Topcliffe, "how many would you like to have reconciled, if you could ? a thousand ?" "Certainly," I said, "a hundred thousand, and many more still, if I could." "That would be enough," said Topcliffe, "to levy an army against the Queen." "Those whom I reconciled," said I, "would not be against the Queen, but all for her ; for we hold that obedience to superiors is of obligation." "No such thing," said Topcliffe, "you teach rebellion. See, I have here a Bull of the Pope, granted to Sanders* when he went over to Ireland to stir up the Queen's subjects to rebellion. See, here it is. Read it." I answered : "There is no need to read it. It is likely enough that the Pontiff, if he sent him, gave him authority. But I have no power to meddle at all in such matters. We are forbidden to have anything to do with such things. I never have, and never will." "Take and read it," he said : "I will have you read it." So I took it, and seeing the Name of JESUS on the top, I reverently kissed it. "What," said Topcliffe, "you kiss a Bull of the Pope, do you ?" "I kissed," said I, "the name of JESUS, to which all love and honour are due. But if it is a Bull of the Pope, as you say, I reverence it also on that score." And so saying, I kissed the printed paper again.

He tells us that they then made a charge against him of some impropriety of conduct, which moved him so, that he called God to witness that the insinuation was false :

And, as I spoke, I laid my hand on the book that was open before me on the table. It was a copy of the Holy Bible, but according to their corrupt translation into the vulgar tongue. Then Topcliffe held his peace ; but the Dean took up the word. "Are you willing," said he, "to be sworn on our Bible ?" (The

* The celebrated theologian and controversialist, Dr. Sanders, was sent as Papal Legate into Ireland by Gregory XIII. in 1579.

better instructed Catholics, who can show the dishonesty of that translation, usually refuse this.) I replied: "In truth, under the necessity of rebutting this man's false charges at once, I did not take notice what version this was. However there are some truths, as for instance the Incarnation and Passion of Christ, that have not been corrupted by mis-translation; and by these I call the truth of God to witness. There are many other things falsely rendered, so as to involve heresies; and these I detest and anathematize." So saying, I laid my hand again upon the book, and more firmly than before. Then the old man was angry, and said: "I will prove that you are a heretic." I replied: "You cannot prove it." "I will prove it," he said, "thus: Whoever denies Holy Scripture is a heretic: you deny this to be Holy Scripture: *Ergo*." I replied: "This is no true syllogism; it shifts from general to particular, and so has four terms." The old man answered: "I could make syllogisms before you were born." "Very likely," I said; "but the one you have just produced is not a true one." However the good old man would not try a middle-term, and made no further attempt to prove me a heretic. But one urged one thing, and another, another; not in the way of argument, but after their usual plan, asking me such questions as they knew very well I did not like to answer; and then, in the end, they sent me back to prison.

Fr. Gerard's examination at Guildhall gave occasion to the threat of Topcliffe that the prisoner should not "creep to the Cross," that is, take part in the adoration of the Cross on Good Friday of that year. We shall see how the threat was fulfilled:

On another occasion they examined me, and all the other Catholics that were confined in the same prison with me, in a place called Guildhall, where Topcliffe and several other Commissioners were present. When they had put their usual questions, and received from me the usual answers, they came to the point; intending, I imagine, to sound us all as to our feelings towards the State; or else to entrap us in some expressions about the State, that might be made matter of accusation. They asked me then, whether I acknowledged the Queen as the true Governor and Queen of England. I answered: "I do acknowledge her as such." "What," said Topcliffe, "in spite of Pius the Fifth's excommunication?" I answered: "I acknowledge her as our Queen, notwithstanding I know there is such an excommunication." The fact was, I knew that the operation of that excommunication had been suspended for all in England by a declaration of the Pontiff, till such time as its execution became possible. Topcliffe proceeded: "What would you do in case the Pope sent an army into England, asserting that the object was solely to bring

back the kingdom to the Catholic religion, and protesting that there was no other way left of introducing the Catholic Faith, and moreover commanding all in virtue of his Apostolic authority to aid his cause? Whose side would you then take, the Pope's or the Queen's?" I saw the man's malicious cunning, and that his aim was, that whichever way I answered I might injure myself, either in soul or body; and so I worded my reply thus: "I am a true Catholic, and a true subject of the Queen. If then this were to happen, which is unlikely, and which I think will never be the case, I would act as became a true Catholic and a true subject." "Nay, nay," said he, "answer positively and to the point." "I have declared my mind," said I, "and no other answer will I make." On this he flew into a most violent rage, and vomited out a torrent of curses; and ended by saying: "You think you will creep to kiss the Cross this year; but before the time comes, I will take care you do no such thing." He meant to intimate, in the abundance of his charity, that he would take care I should go to Heaven by the rope before that time. But he had not been admitted into the secrets of God's sanctuary, and did not know my great unworthiness. Though God had permitted him to execute his malice on others, whom the Divine Wisdom knew to be worthy and well prepared, as on Fr. Southwell, and others, whom he pursued to the death, yet no such great mercy of God came to me from his anger. Others indeed, for whom a kingdom was prepared by The Father, were advanced to Heaven by Our Lord Jesus through his means; but this heavenly gift was too great for an angry man to be allowed to bestow on me. However he was really in some sort a prophet in uttering these words; though he meant them differently from the sense in which they were fulfilled.

What I have mentioned happened about Christmas. In the following Lent he himself was thrown into prison for disrespect to the members of the Queen's Council, on an occasion, if I mistake not, when he had pleaded too boldly in behalf of his only son, who had killed a man with his sword in the great hall of the Court of Queen's Bench. This took place about Passion Sunday. We then, who were in prison for the Faith, seeing our enemy Aman about to be hanged on his own gibbet, began to lift up our heads, and to use what liberty we had a little more freely, and we admitted a greater number to the Sacraments, and to assist at the services and holy rites of the Church. Thus it was that on Good Friday a large number of us were together in the room over mine, in fact all the Catholics in the prison, and a number of others from without. I had gone though all the service, and said all the prayers appointed for the day, up to the point where the Priest has to lay aside his shoes. I had put them off, and had knelt down, and was about to creep towards the Cross and make the triple adoration of it; when, lo! just as I had moved two paces, the head-jailor came and knocked at the door of my room under-

neath, and as I did not answer from within he began to batter violently at the door and make a great noise. As soon as I heard it, I knew that the chief jailor was there, because no other would have ventured to behave in that way to me : so I sent some one directly, to say that I would come without delay, and then, instead of going on with the adoration of the material cross, I hastened to the spiritual cross that God presented to me, and taking off the sacred vestments that I was wearing I went down with speed, for fear the jailor might come up after me, and find a number of others, who would have thus been brought into trouble. When he saw me, he said in a loud tone of voice : "How comes it that I find you out of your room, when you ought to be kept strictly confined to it?" As I knew the nature of the man, I pretended in reply to be angry, that one who professed to be a friend should have come at such a time as that, when, if ever, we were bound to be busy at our prayers. "What," said he, "you were at Mass, were you? I will go up and see." "No such thing," I said : "you seem to know very little of our ways : there is not a single Mass said to-day throughout the whole Church. Go up if you like ; but understand that, if you do, neither I nor any of the Catholics will ever pay anything for our rooms. You may put us all, if you like, in the common prison of the poor who do not pay. But you will be no gainer by that ; whereas, if you act in a friendly way with us, and do not come upon us unawares in this manner, you will not find us ungrateful, as you have not found us hitherto." He softened down a little at this ; and then I said : "What have you come for now, I pray?" "Surely," said he, "to greet you from Master Topcliffe." "From him?" I said, "and how is it that he and I are such great friends? Is he not in such a prison? He cannot do anything against me just now, I fancy." "No," said the jailor, "he cannot. But he really sends to greet you. When I visited him to-day, he asked me how you were. I replied that you were very well. 'But he does not bear his imprisonment,' said Master Topcliffe, 'as patiently as I do mine. I would have you greet him then in my name, and tell him what I have said.' So I have come now for the purpose of repeating this message to you." "Very well," I replied. "Now tell him from me, that by the grace of God I bear my imprisonment for the cause of the Faith with cheerfulness, and I could wish his cause were the same." Thereupon the jailor went away, rating his servant however for not having kept me more closely confined. And thus Topcliffe really accomplished what he had promised, having checked me in the very act of adoration, although without thinking of what he said, and with another intent at the time. Thus was Saul among the prophets. However he did not prevent my going up again and completing what I had begun.

An Encyclopædia for the People.

We live in an age of dictionaries and encyclopædias. Knowledge and education have been generalised, and it is almost necessary for every one to know something about everything. We are not inclined to lament a phenomenon which is a mark of the progress of information, and which could not exist but for a general appetite for sound knowledge. Dictionaries are not usually very amusing or light reading, though we have heard of an Oxford student whose friends often found him turning over with delight, as his chosen recreation, the pages of Facciolati. But these works are usually patronised from a sense of their usefulness alone, and it is impossible that they should be greatly in demand save in times when mental activity is at a high pitch, or, at all events, when solid information is duly valued. They are, moreover, exceedingly laborious productions, and require a great amount of patient industry and judicious discrimination on the part of editors and writers. Huge as is sometimes their bulk, there is a process of constant compression, condensation, and elimination required in order to pare down the several articles to the moderate size which is all that the necessities of the case allow to individual subjects. It is really very difficult to write shortly on an important topic, and yet to avoid the appearance of meagreness. The result is not showy, and we are inclined to think that in this, as in other similar cases, the public is hardly aware of all that it owes to the judgment and self-denial of writers and of those who superintend them.

The history of encyclopædic literature is interesting, and by no means concise. This literature, according to some authors, had its rise even as far back as the days of the school of Plato, its father being Speusippus. Varro,

Pliny the Elder, Stobæus, Suidas, and others, are among its adherents in classical, or post-classical, times; and in the middle ages, Alfarabis in the East, and Vincent of Beauvais in Europe. But we must leap on to the last century to find the origin of the present nearly universal movement for the compilation of books of this class. Hoffmann's *Lexicon Universale* had, indeed, appeared in Germany before the end of the seventeenth century (1677), but the publication of Zeller's *Universal Lexicon*, in sixty-four volumes (the last appeared in 1750), was a far more important event, and fairly pledged the industrious German mind to encyclopædic labours, for which it is so well fitted by nature. To what an extent the impulse given by Zeller has been followed out by other writers of the same wonderful nation may be judged by the fact that Professors Gruber and Ersch began their *Allgemeine Encyclopädie* in 1818, which in 1868 has reached its one hundred and fortieth volume, and that the famous *Conversations Lexicon* of Brockhaus has been translated into almost every European language, and been made the foundation of several similar works, which are not exactly translations. But the Germans, though they have perhaps done more work in this field than men of any other nation, have hardly made themselves so famous by their labour as the French. The achievements of our neighbours across the Channel are not, perhaps, altogether of the most enviable kind. Bayle's *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* appeared in 1679. This book was the beginning of the sceptical movement on the Continent. The celebrated *Encyclopédie*, the publication of which began in 1751, constitutes the other great title of France to the honours of literature of the kind of which we speak. Its success, and its infidel character, are too well known to need comment: but it was in reality, as to its most solid and substantial parts, in great measure founded, without acknowledgment, upon the work of Ephraim Chambers, published in this country in 1728. In our own island there has been no lack of labourers in this department of literature. We need only mention the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which the eighth edition, in twenty-one volumes, was completed in 1860, and the

Encyclopædia Metropolitana (1818—1845), to which so many very distinguished men contributed in various ways; of smaller encyclopædias, such as the *Penny*, and a number of others of the same stamp, we need say nothing.

It must be obvious that, for special studies of the highest importance, encyclopædias can seldom give a sufficient amount of information for those who wish to become really learned on the subject of those studies. No general dictionary of knowledge, for instance, could be expected to furnish the scholar with all that he will find in the *Dictionaries of Antiquity, Biography, and Mythology*, edited by Dr. Smith. We must have our special Dictionaries of the Bible, of Theology, of Ecclesiastical History, and Christian Erudition; and it would be unfair to censure a general encyclopædia for not going to the bottom of a number of questions in those departments of knowledge which require full and complete treatises for themselves. What we have a right to expect is fairness and solidity as far as the information which is given goes. In this respect there has often been great reason for complaint against particular editors and contributors. It is curious to consider how many of the most laborious works of the human mind have been undertaken, if not with a direct and conscious intention of propagating particular views—and those views too often hostile to religion and morality—at least by persons who have been on the wrong side in questions of the highest importance, and have not been able to restrain themselves from using unfairly their position as channels of apparently uncoloured information. In the case of an encyclopædia, the editor is of necessity to some extent at the mercy of his contributors, but he is bound to resist the expression of one-sided and intemperate opinion, on whatever subject, and the whole work suffers in character unless he does this. The *Dictionary of the Bible*, for instance, was as much disgraced by the insertion of an imaginative article on the "Topography of Jerusalem," as by certain very ignorant remarks with regard to the Immaculate Conception. On the other hand, it would be absurd—in the present state of general literature among ourselves—to expect more than a fair statement

of facts with regard to subjects as to which the great mass of English opinion is for the time against us. Catholics have often had to complain of literary unfairness, not only on the part of their declared antagonists, but on that also of writers who profess to be impartial, or whose duty it was simply to chronicle facts, instead of inventing or distorting them. The dishonesty of the Encyclopædists of France was great enough, and we are not inclined to under-rate the mischief which that dishonesty produced; but the correspondents of English newspapers in Italy and elsewhere for the last quarter of a century—men who were supposed to be simply the impartial medium through which the events of their own times found their way to the knowledge of Englishmen—have rivalled or outdone Diderot and D'Alembert in both respects. In the same way, we have often had occasion to feel that when our countrymen have gone in good faith to some "Dictionary of General Knowledge," for information with regard to Catholic doctrines or institutions, they have been sure to find there misrepresentations so great as to be scarcely excusable on the ground of ignorance. We have certainly no right to expect that a Protestant writer, or a Protestant editor, should give, as to subjects which must be to them fair matters of opinion, exactly the same view which we ourselves should have given. But we have a right to expect historical accuracy and justice, and an encyclopædia which denies these is as bad as newspapers which invent Pontifical "massacres," and refuse to correct their own most flagrant misrepresentations.

It is with the most sincere pleasure that we are able to point to the newly completed *Encyclopædia of General Knowledge*, published by Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, as a work conspicuous enough for many excellent qualities to make it deserve the highest popularity, but particularly honourable on account of the great and conscientious fairness which we have found in all the articles which treat of matters particularly Catholic. This Encyclopædia is one of the many which have been, in the main, founded on the *Conversations Lexicon* of Brockhaus: but the editors have only used Brockhaus in common with other sources

of information, and their work has all the claims that such a work can have to be considered original. It is well printed, abundantly illustrated, and contains a number of very good maps. In some respects, such as the departments of Biography and Geography, there are evidences of the pressure caused by limitation of space, and persons and places of minor importance are sometimes omitted. On the other hand, the encyclopædia is full and copious on Natural History and even on Sanitary Science and Chemistry. Oriental religions and Oriental literature are treated with exceptional attention: and when we have finished the list of articles which admit of classification, we find a very large number which we can range under no head but that of miscellaneous knowledge. It is impossible for a critic to examine in detail a voluminous work like that of which we speak: but as far as our acquaintance with it extends, we find ourselves everywhere satisfied. But the chief and distinctive merit of this encyclopædia in our eyes is that which we have already alluded. It has been the rule of the work, which devotes an unusually large number of articles to religion and beliefs of various kinds, that as far as possible each doctrine or Church should be fairly represented, the subjects which relate to it in particular being handled by one of its own adherents. The Catholic articles have all been written by a Catholic scholar, and as far as we have had time to examine them, they represent fairly and moderately the Catholic view of truths and facts. A simple account is given, for example, of the arguments by which a certain doctrine is supported, and of the interpretation put upon facts which have often been urged as difficult or scandalous. We wish every success to encyclopædias of this kind. It is a great gain to feel sure that any inquiring person who may consult that now before us at such articles as "Transubstantiation," "Jesuits," "Decretals," and the like, will find there a fair and plain statement on subjects concerning which even the highest of Anglican Churchmen cannot always refrain from misrepresentation and abusiveness.

Our Library Table.

1. Dr. Melia *On the Blessed Virgin*.—2. Dean Stanley *On The Connection of Church and State*.—3. Dr. Woodlock *on The Irish University Question*.—4. Mr. Earle's *Maximilian, and other Poems*.—5. *Tracts for the Day*. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley. 6. Dr. M'Carthy *on The Epistles and Gospels*.—7. Fr. Bottalla *on The Supreme Authority of the Pope*.—8. *Echoes of the Vatican*. By M. de Marancour. —9. Miscellaneous Notices.

1. THERE are many fallacies in circulation which have been long looked upon as sayings worthy of the seven wise men of Greece, and which, consequently, it would be all but intellectual heresy to controvert. Among them we may safely place the trite observation, *μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν*. Lengthiness is confounded with attenuation, and dumpiness with a morally unhealthy fattiness. For our own part we have often found that those who have said much had really much to say. They sat down deliberately to their great works from a conviction that their minds were full to overflowing, even as the Nile when its floods are highest, and that it was a duty to pour far and wide the sacred waters of knowledge, in order to ensure to others great literary blessings. But for this conviction, they might have been satisfied with a humble octavo, or even with something of a still smaller capacity; but being what they were, they were compelled to exhibit themselves in much larger proportions. Who could imagine Suarez and Vasquez, Bellarmine and Petau, Calmet and A'Lapide, the Maurist Fathers or the Bollandists, confining within narrow limits the exhibitions of their mental energies; or who could fancy such persons as Chrysostom, Jerome or Augustine, Bonaventure or Aquinas, those prodigies of learning and genius who from time to time have walked the earth like so many intellectual giants, contented with anything less as an expression of their ideas than the huge folio? We cannot but feel sincere pleasure on the occasion of the publication of Dr. Melia's work on the ever Blessed Virgin.* It is of goodly proportions, and well got up. But it has a still higher recommendation: it is an able and learned defence of the veneration which has been paid, the confidence which has been given, and the praises which have been accorded to the Virgin Mother of God by those whose hearts glowed with a love of Jesus Christ; whilst it perpetuates phrases, expressions of love and devotedness, in which the Catholics of this country were used, even in times of severest trial and cruel oppression, freely to indulge. Though few persons seem to be aware of the fact, our forefathers were as devoted to the service of Mary in

* *The Woman blessed by all generations; or, Mary the object of veneration, confidence, and imitation to all Christians*. By Rev. Dr. Melia. London: Longmans, 1868.

the days of Charles I. and Charles II., when all outward profession of religion was severely interdicted, as they were in better times, when Catholicism was the religion of the land, and England enjoyed the distinctive title of the *Dos Mariae*. Numerous works were published at that period in her honour; and in them, language of highest praise was lavished on her, and motives, such as St. Anselm urged in the palmiest days of Catholicism, in order to awaken or to perpetuate feelings of boundless confidence in her patronage and intercession, were ceaselessly inculcated. We are told in a work entitled *Jesus, Maria, Joseph, or the devout pilgrim of the ever Blessed Virgin*, which was published in 1657, and which quickly passed through many editions, that "Mary is represented by the 'tree of life' in the terrestrial paradise; by the 'ark of Noah' upon the waves of the deluge; by the 'tabernacle of the Testament,' made of incorruptible materials, signifying her virginity, her purity, her impeccability; by the 'ark of the covenant,' which contained the tables of the commandments, as she did their Author. She is prefigured by the 'altar of perfumes,' the types of her oderiferous virtues; by the 'golden candlestick,' she bearing Him who is the true light of the world; by the 'gate of heaven' in the Prophets; by 'Jacob's ladder' in Genesis; by the 'valiant woman' in the Proverbs; by the 'ever-burning never-consuming bush' in Exodus; by the 'hill elevated on the mountain top' in Isaías; by the 'city of God,' whereof such wonders are spoken in the Psalms; by the 'sweet smelling balsam;' the 'still flourishing cypress' upon Mount Sinai; the 'ever flowing vein of honey;' the 'fair flower of the fields;' the 'lily among the thorns;' the 'rose of Jericho;' the 'palm of Cades;' the 'royal throne of Solomon;' the 'strong tower of David;' the 'fleece of Gideon;' the 'miraculously flourishing rod of Aaron;' the 'eastern gate of Paradise.' The angel qualifies her, full of grace; the wise man, abounding with delights; the spouse, a garden of pleasure; the Gospel, the mother of Jesus; the Church, the exemplar of perfection; heaven, the queen of the universe; earth, the phoenix of mankind; and all the world, the fountain of their felicity. The celestial spirits acknowledge her for their empress, the apostles for their mistress, the martyrs for their mirror, the confessors for their pattern, the virgins for their glory, all Christians for their powerful patroness and advocate. Judge now, by these few mentioned titles, of the miraculous excellency, greatness, glory, dignity of her to whose honour you have dedicated your hearts, your loves, your lives, your services" (pp. 22—24). They were further taught that "it is the generally delivered opinion of all the doctors, that it is impossible for any one who dies a faithful servant of the Sacred Virgin to perish eternally." This is frequently asserted by St. Bernard and by St. Anselm, in these words, "You, oh compassionate Mary, embrace the poor sinner with a motherly affection, and you never leave him till your Son, appeased by your prayers, gives him His pardon and receives him into His favour and friendship." And elsewhere, "O Beatissima," says St.

Anselm, "sicut omnis a te aversus et a te despectus, necessæ est ut intereat, ita omnis ad te conversus et a te respectus, impossibile est ut pereat." And Theophilus: "I know," says he, "oh sovereign lady, that you have too great care of sinners to quit them in their greatest necessity." And Origen: "I hold," says he, "as an assured verity, that the Virgin Mary will never abandon that person who implores her assistance in the time of his necessity, for she is full of goodness, full of mercy, full of grace, and therefore cannot refuse her compassion to him that calls upon her" (pp. 58-9). On her protection the faithful were taught to rely for the destruction of heresy, in accordance with the gratulatory language of the Church, "Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo." Nor is this title ("destroyer of heresies") a lately invented title, as her sworn enemies urge and inculcate, for it is above 500 years since St. Bernard avouched this to be one of the Mother of Power's special prerogatives, concluding his sermon, preached in honour of her glorious Assumption, in these words, "Sola contrivit universam hæreticam pravitatem"—she alone hath crushed all heretical impiety. And well might St. Bernard assert this proposition, who knew the practice of past ages, and had read the writings of his holy predecessors, related in the ancient Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, against the Manicheans, Nestorians, Helvidians, and other heretics. The devotion of the Rosary was explained and recommended, its advantages developed, and all were encouraged to practise it by the offer of numerous indulgences (pp. 230-31 and 649). Further, the *Primer of the Blessed Virgin*, the *Office of the Immaculate Conception*, several litanies, hymns, prayers, and meditations, &c., were specially commended to the clients of Mary; as were also pilgrimages, the devotion of the Bondage, &c. &c. (See the work already cited, *passim*, as also such publications as *Sweet Thoughts of Jesus and Mary*, 1665; *A Daily Exercise of the devout Christian*, 1673; and *A Little Manual of Daily Devotion*, 4th edit., 1687.) The seventeenth century was an age of trials, but it was emphatically also an age of faith; and this faith manifested itself in a ceaseless veneration of, and confidence in, her whom the Eternal Son choose to be His mother. It was felt that if England was ever to be brought back to unity; if her churches and cathedrals were to be places, not of mere prayer, but of Holy Sacrifice; if her monasteries were to rise like the phoenix from their ashes, and resound seven times each day with God's praises; if the remnant of faithful ones still preserved was to remain holy, these results were to be the reward of a solid devotion to Mary—a devotion which would ever unite Son and mother, God and His best loved creature: God the object of man's adoration, and Mary the powerful intercessor with her divine Son for the wants, not only of the individual, but of the whole of Christendom. We are glad then to see another work in honour of the ever Blessed Mary like that which has just been given to the public; for it perpetuates this great Catholic tradition, and fans the flame of love of Mary which should burn in every Catholic heart.

The object of the work under review, is, as the author himself has informed us, "to lay before both Catholics and Protestants the claims of the Blessed Virgin to the veneration, confidence, and imitation of all Christians." It consists of two parts, of unequal dimensions; the first, which is called *theoretical*, containing 321 pages, whilst the second, which is designated *practical*, is compressed within the compass of 133 pages. To establish the general proposition of the election of the Blessed Virgin by the most Holy Trinity to be an object of veneration and confidence to all generations, the following points are established:—(1.) On the fall of man, the Blessed Virgin was chosen to be the mother of the promised Messiah, by the Holy Trinity. (2.) Being thus chosen as the mother of Him who was to crush the serpent's head, Mary is entitled to the veneration of all ages. (3.) On account of her virginity, manifested by God to Isaias, as well as on account of (4.) her promised privileges, and especially (5.) her Immaculate Conception, she is still further entitled to man's veneration. (6.) She is deserving too of our veneration because she was announced by the Holy Trinity as "full of grace," and because she contributed to the spiritual welfare of mankind by a holy use of her free will in immediately assenting to the embassy of the Holy Trinity, to become the mother of the Son of God. (7.) Similar deductions are drawn from the consideration of the gratuitous gifts and graces conferred upon her; from the language used by St. Elisabeth and by the Holy Virgin herself, on the occasion of her visit to her cousin; from the manifestation through her of the Eternal Son, both to Jews and Gentiles; and especially from the obedience of Jesus to Mary, and his loving attention to her by working, at her prayer, his first miracle at Cana of Galilee. These and other motives are adduced in nineteen chapters, in support of the thesis that the Blessed Virgin is deserving of our veneration, imitation, and love. Every position is sustained by evidence derived from the Holy Scriptures, from the Fathers who are the witnesses to the faith which had been handed down to them, from Christian archæology, and, finally, from the writings of those non-Catholics who were best able to offer opinions on the questions under discussion. Though the evidence here adduced from the Scriptures and the Fathers cannot claim the merit of originality—for again and again have the statements of the inspired pages and of the early pastors of the Church been cited by the orthodox of every time and clime—still, even on account of this kind of testimony, the work of Dr. Melia is deserving of very considerable praise. *Nou nova sed novè* is his motto. He places, indeed, before us evidence which is old, but it appears in a new form. As a specimen of the way in which he handles authority, we will direct the reader's attention to our author's observations on the words addressed by St. Elisabeth to the Virgin Mother of God, recorded by St. Luke i. 40 (p. 179.) Dr. Melia studies each text carefully, passing over nothing, adding nothing, but quietly developing the full meaning of the inspired statement. In confirmation of the interpretation of the

text of the Vulgate, the various versions of the Sacred Scriptures, such as the Syrian, Persian, Arabic, and Ethiopic, are also adduced; thus materially adding to the value of the critical exposition of the Vulgate text.

But that which will particularly strike the learned reader will be the evidence derived from the monuments found in the Catacombs of Rome. What Cicero says of ancient monuments generally, may well be applied to those incised evidences of Christianity which abound in every Catholic country: "Exempla ex vetere memoriâ et monumentis ac litteris, plena dignitatis, plena antiquitatis; hæc plurimum solent et auctoritatis habere ad probandum et jucunditatis ad audiendum."—*In Verrem*, l. iii., orat. 8, n. 89, 90. They were framed, not to oppose heresy, not to vindicate any distinctive religious system, not to meet any actual antireligious pressure, but to express the faith which animated and the hope which sustained those who designed to execute them; and hence they are indeed valuable proofs of the faith of the times in which they appeared. Of this class of witnesses we have hardly taken full advantage. Though cities like Milan, Ravenna, Verona, and especially Rome, the centre of Christendom, abound in every variety of religious monument—such as altars, tombs, shrines, brasses, inscriptions, images, crosses, reliquaries, vestments, chalices, pictures, rituals, liturgies, &c. &c., all bearing on the faith of former ages, and offering their quota of evidence in respect to its exact character—still few, very few comparatively, of their ancient records have been laid before the public. More has been done for Italy, in this respect, than for any other country, as is clear from the works of Arringhi, Boldetti, Ciampini, and Marangoni, in former ages, as well as from those of Cancellieri, Visconti, Secchi, Marchi, Tessieri, Garucci, and especially De Rossi, in our own times. Still, even there, sacred archæology is but in its infancy, as is clear from the discoveries which are being daily made in Rome and other places in Italy. This we regret much, for we are convinced that a few proofs of religion derived from such sources would make a deeper impression on the public mind than volumes of citations copied from the writings of the Fathers. Aware of this, the illustrious Father Gener commenced his great work on theology, in 1767, with the object of proving every article of faith from archæological remains. Unfortunately, he only lived to publish six volumes in 4to, and these volumes embrace only the treatises on *God in Himself* and *God as Creator*. We heartily wish the learned in every country, not even excepting England, would endeavour to collect together the evidences of Catholicity derivable from archæology. As we have already observed, the monuments to which we refer are most numerous; but as—

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,

so, though—

These monuments of faith, not changing creeds,
Tell their own tale to him who wisely heeds
The language which they speak,

they have been allowed either to be ruthlessly destroyed, or to exist without materially benefitting society. What better answer could be given to the reckless statements made only the other day by the Archbishop of Canterbury relative to the identity of actual Anglicanism and ancient English Catholicism, than by pointing to the Latin uses of Sarum, York, Bangor, and Hereford; to the rituals, pontificals, antiphonaries, festivals, and other Church services of the period; to the monasteries, cathedrals, and chapels, with their altars, piscinas, and images of our crucified Saviour, of the saints, and of the Virgin Mother of God; to the representations of the hierarchy of the Church, vested in their distinctive habits—copes, and chasubles, and dalmatics, and tunicles, and albs, to say nothing of the Roman Pontiff with his tiara, the Bishop with his mitre and cross, the Abbot with his staff, and the consecrated Virgins invested with their mission of authority; to the record of indulgences chiselled out on the Temple Church, and of Purgatory as pictured forth on the walls of Lincoln and Worcester Cathedrals, and All Saints College, Oxford; to the prayers for the dead, engraved on stone and brass, which are familiar to everybody, “Off your charitie pray for the souls of N. and N.,” “Quorum animabus propitiatur Deus;” to the invocations of saints to be found in stone, in brass, and on the stained glass windows of Old England—*Sancta Katharina, ora pro nobis, Mater Dei, miserere mei*; to the belief in the Holy Sacrifice, and of course in the Real Presence, as proved from Liturgies, and wills, and chantries, and altars, and nearly everything historical connected with the consecration of kings and knights, and the ordinations of the ministry; to the seven sacraments as represented in fonts and in illuminated manuscripts, and especially to the headship of Peter and Peter’s successors, the Bishops of Rome, referred to in all our missals, acknowledged in the public prayers, and illustrated by the history of all our Kings and Archbishops, from the days of Ethelbert and Augustine down to the time of Henry VIII. and the apostate and perjured Cranmer? Monuments evincing these and other matters connected with and constituting the sacred character of religion still exist, raised up by men who flourished in England prior to the severance of this country from the Holy See. Why are they not then appealed to when modern sectaries libel the ancient faith, and endeavour to confound it with a system established by Acts of Parliament, hardly of three hundred years antiquity? From the visible creation, men are taught to ascend to the knowledge of the invisible God; and so, from ancient monuments, we are taught to ascend to the knowledge of the ancient faith—that faith which our Divine Lord promised should be as enduring as time itself.

We must proceed, however, with our observations on the work of Dr. Melia. Seventy-eight plates descriptive of ancient monuments regarding the Blessed Virgin, found principally in the Catacombs of Rome, are there exhibited and described. Here *Isaias* is pointing her out as *the Virgin of Prophecy*; there she is seated in the midst of

angelic choirs, or of the magi, holding in her arms the infant Saviour; or standing with uplifted arms, supported by SS. Peter and Paul, thus praying for the welfare of her people, like another Moses. Next, the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the flight into Egypt, the miracle at Cana, Mary's generosity in clinging to the cross on Calvary, and her glory, typified by the crown, and sceptre, and royal robe, are brought before us in many a pleasing form. These representations of ancient monuments connected with the Virgin Mother of God will be sure to interest, and to stamp deeper and deeper on the mind the certainty of the veneration and love which were felt for her by Catholics of every age and country, and of the confidence which was reposed in her *omnipotentia supplex*.

To complete his task, Dr. Melia adduces with great judgment and fairness the principal objections urged by Protestants against our devotion towards the Blessed Virgin—and on objections Protestants principally rely. Unable to overthrow the evidence of facts, they have recourse to ideal difficulties, and thus endeavour to cast doubts, at least, on religious belief and practices. They resemble in this the philosophers of old who would logically prove the impossibility of motion at the very time the world and its inhabitants were moving rapidly. Fortunately, however, the difficulties urged—unlike those adduced by the infidel against the existence or the attributes of God, or by the Unitarian against the Holy Trinity—are of very easy solution. Our author at once grapples with them, exposes their weakness, and even generally succeeds in making Protestants themselves answer the cavils of Protestants. To this portion of his work (p. 303), as also to incidental observations on the name of Catholic, and on the distinction to be drawn between new articles of faith and new terms of communion, intended to overthrow the pretensions and objections of a small fraction of Anglicanism, we direct our readers attention with singular pleasure and confidence.

2. The connection between Church and State—of which we are just now hearing a good deal, both from enemies and admirers—does not, we are told by Dean Stanley,* consist in endowments, or in the fact that ecclesiastics hold secular offices of importance, or in the constant actual interference of the State in religious matters. It consists in two things—in the recognition and support by the State of some religious “expression” of the community, and in the control and guidance by the State of this religious “expression.” This condition of things, he tells us, has many advantages. It provides a resident clergy all over the country; it is “the nearest approach which, under the present state of things, can be made to the original and essential idea of the Christian Church, in which the community itself was the fountain, organ, and shrine of power. . . . In whatever way the control

* *An Address on the Connection of Church and State.* By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Macmillans, 1868.

of ecclesiastical affairs by the laity, or, rather, by the whole community, is exercised, there can be no question that it is in them that by the New Testament and by the first ages of Christendom, the supremacy over the Church was vested. They elected their own ministers; *they chose their own faith*; they moulded their own creed; they administered their own discipline" (p. 6). If we ask, how, in our day, this supremacy of the laity over the Church* is to be exercised, we are led to answer, not by the clergy alone—Dr. Stanley seems to us to imply, not by the clergy at all—not by an assembly of the whole Christian community, not by the lay element in Church Synods, but by the Government of the State, which, "drawing into itself the essence of the whole community, includes the clergy as well as the laity." "Every society, by the mere fact of its being a human society, must be temporal, must be guided by mixed motives, must have a temporal human Government."

Dean Stanley seems to feel that this simple, and, as we may call it, unblushing doctrine, requires some argument to make it palatable to his friends of the Establishment who believe in the divine commission of the pastors of Christ's flock, and in something, at all events, of positive dogmatic truth. So he tells them that this supremacy of the State—which means, practically, of the majority of the House of Commons—has its advantages. It secures the supremacy of equal law in the most important of human interests; by which his readers may suppose him to mean questions relating to religion; but if he does, he is remarkably incoherent in his illustration of this great advantage, for he proceeds to speak of the mischief, as he thinks it, of the exemption of the clergy from the jurisdiction of the civil courts in *temporal* matters, and then he goes on to tell us that St. Paul and St. Luke hold up Gallio "as a model of impartial justice," just because he, as a lay judge, would *not* interfere in questions relating to religion. After endeavouring for some time to fathom the meaning of this ingenious argument, we are compelled to fall back on the conclusion that it has no intelligible meaning at all. Again, we are told that the fact of State control gives in a singular manner the opportunity "for the gradual growth of religious forms and religious opinions, and that free expression of individual belief which is indispensable to any healthy development of religious action. The changes conducted by the power of a great State are far more likely to be in conformity with the feelings of the whole community, and of the most intelligent part of it, than those which are proposed and carried by majorities in excited clerical or quasi-clerical meetings." We think Dean Stanley is here giving a sly cut at a certain clerical meeting called "Convocation," in which he very often speaks without much effect on his audience, and in

* We cannot help the confusion of Dr. Stanley's language, which is necessary in order to veil the fallacy which underlies the whole of his statement of facts.

which he has frequently what must be to him the consoling lot of figuring in a small minority. But we think his general fact is false. We think that Anglicanism would be far more in conformity with the general Protestantism of the nation than it is, but for the grasp of the State on its ministers and formularies, and we might surely appeal to the far more rapid dissolution of dogmatic belief which has gone on in America as a proof of the truth of our supposition. Indeed, Dean Stanley recognises this truth as an objection, and endeavours to answer it further on. His words are so richly ingenuous as to appear to the unenlightened reader almost sarcastic. "There can be no doubt that nothing but the law at this moment prevents an explosion of opinions and a diversity of worship, which would, for the time, be the highest gratification to many excellent persons of all kinds." Lastly, the connection between Church and State causes the National Church to be "elastic!" The State must be latitudinarian. "This, however, is one of the best arguments in its favour." "It fulfils the ideal of the Early Church—an ark, a vessel containing the clean and unclean beasts alike." It is one of the tricks of sophistry to shift the meaning of a recognized figure, and so to make it cover something which it was certainly meant to exclude. Dr. Stanley knows perfectly well that he is speaking of creeds and doctrines, not of degrees of moral purity or impurity. The New Testament certainly tells us that the early Church included sinners as well as saints, but the whole weight of its authority, as he is too well-read not to know, is against the toleration of different and opposite doctrines.

We have no particular call to refute Dean Stanley's theory of Church and State, and we have only given the short account of it contained in this notice for the purpose of showing what sort of views are becoming fashionable among what is called the Broad-Church party in the Establishment. There is, of course, a Catholic doctrine of Church and State, and Dean Stanley's theory is useful in showing us what such a doctrine ought *not* to be. But we must permit ourselves to make one remark by way of literary criticism. It is certainly no good sign when we see men of distinction and position in the Establishment, men acquainted with history and Biblical criticism, indulging in wild exaggerations and fanciful imaginations as to matters of fact. Dean Stanley has a perfect trick of intemperate assertion, which would be more in keeping with the declamations of an impetuous schoolboy in a debating club than with the serious publications of a man whose hairs are grey, and who occupies, as he has lately informed us, the important position of the "first Presbyter in England." Other people in Dean Stanley's place would be content, for instance, with saying that some Popes are supposed to have committed crimes, or that some Councils have sanctioned hard measures, or that some of their decrees had not been very wise: but he puts everything in the strongest and most universal form: "*No Princes of Secular States have led more abandoned lives than some of the Roman Pontiffs: no*

Parliaments have, except in the wild times of revolution, committed more unchristian acts than those perpetrated by the Councils of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Constance." . . . "*There is perhaps no decision of any Council or Holy Office equal in moderation and insight to that of the Gorham Judgment, unless it be that which so greatly resembles it in its inclusion of two opposite principles—the decision of the First Council at Jerusalem*" (pp. 8. 19). Then, again, what recklessness can surpass that which has ventured on the historical statements implied in the passage about Gallio to which we have already alluded? "The chief example of a judge on religious matters whom St. Paul and St. Luke hold up to us as a model of impartial justice, but whose name with ecclesiastical zealots has by a strange mistake of interpretation become a term of reproach, is the Proconsul Gallio. 'He cared for none of these things,' says the author of the Acts with a genuine burst of admiration, as he records his noble indifference to the popular clamour of the Jews at his judgment seat. And had the course of law, as it easily might have done, led him not to dismiss the complaints, but to go into them at length, it would still have been with the same calm and dispassionate serenity which so well became the blameless brother of Seneca and the magistrate whom St. Paul calls 'God's minister to him for good,' 'a terror not to the good works of faith and love, 'but the evil spirit' of fanaticism and oppression" (pp. 14, 15). We cannot see how it is consistent with the commonest respect for the character of St. Luke or St. Paul as writers to play with their words in this absurd manner. As to St. Paul, he is said to hold Gallio up as a model of impartial justice, and no other ground is assigned for this assertion than a garbled quotation from his Epistle to the Romans, whom in that place he exhorts to be subject to "higher powers," that is to obey the civil authority of the Roman Emperor. St. Paul's words are general, and convey a principle; it is therefore a grave fault in interpretation to represent them as having reference to a particular case, and as occasioned by the good qualities of a certain particular magistrate. But if these words apply to any person at all, and hold any such person up as "a model of impartial justice," that person is the Emperor Nero, under whose government those to whom St. Paul addresses himself were living. Moreover, St. Paul speaks simply of good and evil deeds, and does not say a word about "faith and love," or "the evil spirit of fanaticism and oppression"—and of all this Dean Stanley is as perfectly aware as any of our own readers. Then as to St. Luke, he simply relates what passed at Gallio's tribunal, and the "genuine burst of admiration" is the creation of the picturesque imagination of the Dean of Westminster. If people are to allow themselves in fictions of this kind, we know not where they are to stop. Dean Stanley might have said, with just as much truth, that the Evangelists record with "genuine bursts of admiration" two sentences which we suggest to him as fit subjects for his own enthusiasm, expressing as they do two principles which appear to us likely to be

very congenial to his own state of mind. The first is the saying of Pilate, "*What is truth?*" and the second is the cry of the Jews, entirely in harmony with the doctrine of the pamphlet before us, "*We have no king but Cæsar!*"

3. A short letter on *Catholic University Education in Ireland*,* addressed by Monsignor Woodlock to the Right Hon. W. P. Cogan, is an opportune contribution to the literature of the subject of which it treats. It appears to have been written before Lord Mayo's announcement that the present Government considered the proposed establishment of a separate Catholic university impracticable, on account of the terms required by the Catholic bishops. We have never been able to see the reasonableness of this conclusion, and we do not believe that a friendly Government, really in earnest to carry out so obvious a measure of justice, would find any great difficulty in giving it such a shape as would satisfy the fair demands of the Catholic hierarchy and the Irish people in general. Dr. Woodlock, in the pamphlet before us, after disposing of Mr. Fawcett's plan for simply opening Trinity College, Dublin, to all comers, discusses briefly but clearly the two alternatives which may possibly recommend themselves as practicable to different minds among Catholics. Of these, the first is that which is connected with the name of a very prominent and distinguished Irish member of Parliament—that of a national university with distinct "denominational" colleges, of which, of course, one would be Catholic. Dr. Woodlock deals with this plan with remarkable fairness, allowing freely all that can be said in its favour. On the other side he places the advantages and disadvantages respectively of a distinct Catholic university, inclining, as his readers will naturally expect, to this latter of the two alternatives. We observe with great pleasure that his idea of a Catholic university is not confined within any narrow limits—he entirely adopts the view under which the Catholic University was originally started by the Holy Father, and will be content with nothing short of an institution which shall be the fountain-head of the soundest and highest knowledge of every kind to the whole of the English-speaking races. Besides all the other arguments which may be so forcibly urged against the rival scheme—at once less Catholic and less liberal—of a Catholic college in a national university, the considerations involved in the larger aims of the university, so eloquently set forth by its first illustrious rector, and now quoted by his successor, appear to us perfectly decisive.

4 Mr. John Charles Earle has published a thin volume of poems "in aid of St. Vincent's Home for Destitute Boys." Publications of this class usually appeal to the indulgence rather than to the strict

* *Catholic University Education in Ireland: a Letter to the Right Hon. W. H. F. Cogan, M.P.* By the Very Rev. B. Woodlock, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University. Dublin, Fowler.

justice of criticism : but Mr. Earle's poetry is pleasant enough to be welcome on its own merits, and not only on account of the charity which it is intended to support. The piece which is selected to stand first, and to give its name to the volume is a series of stanzas on the late Emperor Maximilian. The story of Pulchrina, Cardinal Colombe, who died during the Council of Lyons, just after receiving the news of the union of the Greeks ; Pope Gregory the Third, Milton, and Epaminondas, are among the subject of the remaining pieces. There are a number of "occasional" verses, about the most attractive among the contents of the volume : and one unfortunate facetious piece—a supposed diary of Abdul Aziz during his visit to England last year, which is barely tolerable in company so much more respectable than itself. A stanza such as this—

The mob and the Commons, they manage the boat ;
The Lords only register what t'others vote :
And the Queen, if they dared to say no, Mrs. Vic,
Would soon hear Messrs. Multitude cry "Cut your stick !"—

is quite unworthy of the fine paper and elegant type which present it to the eye of the reader. Having said thus much in qualification of the general approval which Mr. Earle's volume deserves, we are bound to let our own readers have a specimen of the more polished production of his muse. Here then are some pretty verses, called "The Spring:"—

Type of poets, tuneful spring,
Gurgling near the apple trees,
Where the tall stakes in a ring
Overladen branches ease,
Prop the ruddy fruit, and form
Apple bowers in orchards warm ;

Carol softly for my sake ;
To my music-loving ear
Cadence after cadence wake
In the more than mellow year ;
In the tempered autumn-tide
Sing and babble, shoot and glide.

Murmur sweetly, while, around,
Juicy fruit in every breeze,
Tumbles on the thymy ground
Of the maizy hempen leas,
And the ephemeral dragon-fly,
Warm'd to new life, arrows by.

Purl beside the poplar roots,
Serenade the sleepy wood,
Irrigate the garden fruits,
Bubble 'neath the village rood,
'Long the ivied abbey wall
Seek thy rest or waterfall.

I should love to be like thee
On thy water-cress'd ways,
Pure and constant in my glee,
Clear and flowing in my lays,
Fed from sources deep and strong,
And my very being song.

5. The series of essays which have been issued from time to time within the last year, under the title of *Tracts for the Day*,* have been now formed into a handsome volume, which is put forward as a sort of continuation of the collection known as *The Church and the World*, which attracted considerable attention in 1866 and 1867. We have already noticed more than one of these *Tracts* at the time of its separate appearance, and we may, perhaps, have occasion to say a few words more on the *Tract on Casuistry*. Speaking, at present, of the volume as a whole, we see no reason for modifying the opinion already expressed as to its separate parts. The editor has wisely given to the publication the second title of *Essays on Theological Subjects*. Its contents are essays rather than tracts, and it is much more true to call them "Essays on Theological Subjects" than "Theological Essays." Their writers are evidently *not* "theologians," in the proper sense of the term, but, to use an apt distinction implied in an expression of a great living author, they are "writers on theological subjects." We have had ourselves to point out a good many somewhat grotesque blunders in more than one of these essays, and a minute examination of the remainder would certainly enable any one who made it to add to the list. These writers have "taken up" Catholic theology just as they, or others of the same party, have "taken up" vestments, or again, the establishment of religious institutions—and in all cases they have incurred the inevitable fate of amateurs. Apart from these necessary defects, there is little to complain of in the general tone of these essays, though they naturally provoke curiosity as to the "ecclesiastical position" of the writers. If there could be such a thing as a "Catholic unattached," that strange phenomenon would probably be found among these writers. They seem at first sight neither fish, flesh, nor fowl; neither Catholic, Eastern, nor Anglican; and the authorities of their own Establishment—for they keep up a sort of nominal allegiance to the Establishment, after all—seem to allow them to say pretty much what they like, without interference, as if they were not really within the pale of Anglicanism. On closer inspection, however, it is possible here and there to detect an *animus* somewhat hostile to Catholicism, and certain signs of a desire to put the most orthodox possible gloss upon the Anglican formularies. The *Essays on Casuistry, Purgatory*, and the *Real Presence*, contain many instances of these tendencies. If there is any "solidarity" in the case of this body of writers, their "position" may be judged of from the *Essay on Unction of the Sick*. The author of that essay has naturally to deal with a considerable difficulty in the condemnation of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction in one of the Thirty-nine Articles. His remarks on these Articles are both amusing and significant. The Articles, he says, have received most "anomalous" treatment at the hands of various schools. "Some

* *Tracts for the Day*. Essays on Theological Subjects. By several authors. Edited by the Rev. O. Shipley, M.A. Longmans, 1868.

men treat them as if they were Creeds, or Articles of Faith, instead of Articles of Religion." (He does not stop to tell us what is meant by Articles of Religion.) "Others treat them as if they were catechisms, ordained to supply rich pasture for the flock of Christ." Others look on them as a "corpus theologicum," while "a very numerous party" look upon them "as their natural enemies—as an Heretical incubus and an Ecclesiastical nightmare." We suppose that the generality of men look upon documents such as the Articles, when taken in connection with the solemn adhesion given to them by all who enter the Anglican ministry—which adhesion is practically repeated by them every time they exercise the functions of that ministry, but of which these writers seem to make very little indeed—in the simple and obvious light of theological tests. This common-sense view of the Articles, which throws the grave responsibility of their controversial statements on the conscience of each Anglican clergyman, is entirely ignored by the writer before us. "What do we find them," he says, "but a collection of unconnected statements and controversial negations," [to which, however, Anglicanism insists that its ministers should pledge themselves] "which, although useless and impracticable at the present day, were perhaps necessary for the times in which they had their origin, and which deserve and claim at our hands, what we are in fairness" [to the Protestant Establishment which imposes them on us?] "bound to give them, a Catholic interpretation?" (p. 29.) We recommend this, and other passages of the essay in question, to the author of the paper on *Casuistry* in the same volume.

6 We had occasion some two years ago* to notice Dr. M'Carthy's *Scriptural Commentaries*. During the space that has elapsed since the publication of the first instalments, he has kept his hand to his work, and we are now presented with the third part of the series, forming the first on the Gospels.† The favourable manner in which the first two parts have been almost universally spoken of, is in itself enough to make us expect to find high merit in this third part. It is a great pleasure to us to see commentaries on Scripture coming from the pen of Catholic writers in English. Our English Catholic literature is so meagre in this respect, while Protestant literature is so very abundant, that we must hail with satisfaction any, the smallest, contributions to an orthodox understanding of the sacred text. Dr. M'Carthy's work however is by no means a small contribution. It is a very important addition to the few commentaries we already have, and we trust that now the ice has been fairly broken, and that many others will follow in the same wake. The system followed by Dr. M'Carthy has been indicated sufficiently in our previous notice. We

* See Vol. IV., pp. 196-199.

† *The Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays throughout the Year, with notes, critical and explanatory.* By the Rev. Daniel M'Carthy, D.D. Dublin: James Duffy, 1868.

have only to mention that in the present volume the author fully bears out the hopes conceived of him by readers of the earlier portions. To priests and preachers generally the book will be of great service, and certainly deserves to be frequently consulted by them.

7. The long-expected work of Father Bottalla, on *The Supreme Authority of the Pope* will be found to be a very important help to the students of the controversy revived a short time ago by Dr. Pusey in his *Eirenicon*. That book has repeated so many old charges and half-forgotten fables, that it is impossible for any Catholic writer to pass over the ground occupied by Father Bottalla's book without coming across him, and we fear it must be said that he does not fare much better in the hands of this new antagonist than in those of Father Harper. Happily, the positive interest of the subject of the present volume is sufficiently great to be quite independent of occasional controversy.

The work contains in all eight sections, besides a concluding chapter on Anglicanism. The first section deals with the Christian idea of unity and supremacy in the Church. The second touches on the divine institution of the Primacy, and its Scriptural proofs. The third traces the supremacy, as proclaimed by the Popes themselves, up to the time of St. Gregory. The fourth treats of the acknowledgment of the supremacy by the Eastern Church, and of the famous Twenty-eighth Canon of Chalcedon. The next chapter continues the same inquiry down to the time of the Eastern schism. The sixth is occupied with the "False" Decretals and the Canons of Sardica. Gallicanism is the subject of the seventh, and the questions connected with the Synods of Constance and Florence of the eighth. We content ourselves, for the present, with this very brief analysis.

8. Messrs. McGlashan and Gill have published an agreeable translation of a little book of light gossip about Rome and Roman personages—*The Echoes of the Vatican*—from the French of L. Massenet de Marancour. The author gives us a fair number of anecdotes about the Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, Cardinal Tosti, Monsignor de Mèrode, and other famous men of our time; then we have a good deal about the French Army of Occupation, the French Academy at the Villa Medici, the state and finances of Rome in general, the details of a conclave, and the late canonisation of the Japanese martyrs. We are rather inclined to doubt the accuracy of M. de Marancour as to some of his anecdotes, as well as some of his more important statements. Thus, he repeats the old fable of Villani, which has been so often confuted, about John XXII. having elected himself Pope, the choice having been left to him by the other cardinals; and he tells us that the "exclusion" of certain candidates in a conclave, which is exercised by some European courts, is "in no wise positive or defined, and does not influence the conclave in the least." It certainly does influence the conclave most practically,

when the exclusion of a particular cardinal is notified in due time. The book must be taken as a collection of Roman gossip, more or less accurate.

9. Messrs. Clark's *Anti-Nicene Library of the Fathers* is, we are glad to see, a success. Two new volumes have reached us—Tertullian's *Treatise against Marcion*, and a first instalment of *The Works of St. Cyprian*, containing his Epistles and some six or seven of his Treatises.—Mr. Charles Kingsley has finished his work on the *Hermits*—derived from Rosweyde—in the *Sunday Library* (Macmillan). We must defer any lengthened notice of the interesting subjects thus curiously thrust upon public notice till a future number; and at the same time must content ourselves for the present with acknowledging the new reprint of (a part of) Dr. Newman's *Church of the Fathers* (Burns and Oates); Father St. John's translation of Sarra's very lucid *Doctrine of Holy Indulgences* (Burns and Oates); a translation of an old set of Italian *Meditations on the Veni Sancte Spiritus* (Philp); the indefatigable Mr. Orby Shipley's translation and abridgement of Bourdaloue's *Spiritual Exercises* (Masters); and some *Devotional Readings*, selections from the (Anglican) Sermons of Henry Edward Manning (Hodges).—We have also received Debrett's *House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*, 1868 (Dean and Son), a very elaborate work, as it gives an account of all the Recorders and Judges of County Courts as well as of the greater judicial dignitaries; and a new novel, *Change upon Change*, by Emily Faithfull.

The Story of a Word.

To every single word in every language there is attached a history, in most cases, indeed, somewhat obscure and difficult to follow up, but when once clearly revealed, always of interest. It is the task of philologers to set about the unravelling of these tangled knots, and to show how, from the first delicate and pliant threads, the cords have been spun and the knots gradually woven into the tissue of language. Not that this is always an easy piece of work. At times the threads become thin and light, and frail as gossamer, and unless pursued with the greatest nicety of observation, they altogether vanish from the sight. Now and then there turn up, quite unexpectedly, most beautiful and

touching traits of personal or national character; and these are some of the charming results which make the study of words so exceedingly attractive to such as carry it on with zeal and ardour. In the days of Horne Tooke, indeed, words were dressed up "in a little brief authority," and made to play "fantastic tricks;" but in this generation, at least, their dress is more homely and substantial. To the uninitiated, of course, like every other study to those who know nothing of it, it seems very dry and unprofitable to be constantly occupied in simply poring over *words*; but to such as will take the trouble to crack the nut and finger the kernel—that is, to earnest students—it is a most attractive branch of learning. In fact, the study of any science is in itself a reward.

Who would have imagined that a charming story could be connected with the word *chapel*?—a word that has been naturalised in almost every European language, and which may safely be said to have traversed the world's wide expanse. Let us see the results of an investigation into the origin of this common word.

We must request our readers then to go with us hand in hand to the city of Tours, in France, and to imagine themselves carried back to the middle of the fourth century. St. Martin—a name venerable throughout all the middle ages, especially in the land of his birth—is bishop of that see. He is celebrated for his great charity to the poor, and for his humility. He had lived a warrior's life, but knew nothing of the vices of a camp: he had served under Julian the Apostate, but his faith had never grown weak. He had been judged deserving of a bishop's crozier, for his life was a constant exercise of virtue. At the time then of which we are speaking, he was in possession of the episcopal see of Tours.

We will give the narrative of the story we have to tell, almost in the words of his biographer, Sulpitius Severus, who was one of his scholars, and who, consequently, was not one of those who write long after the death of their heroes, and have to trust to report and tradition alone for the materials of their narration.

As St. Martin was one day on his way to his church, he was met by a poor half-naked man, who begged an alms from him in the shape of clothing wherewith to cover his nakedness and to protect him from the severity of the weather, for it was in the winter time. Touched at the sight of the poor man, the saint called his archdeacon, and gave him orders to look after the needy sufferer; while he himself entered the church, and took his seat on a rustic stool in his cell. He had been seated there no long space, when the beggar made his way up to him, with a complaint that the archdeacon had not carried into effect the orders of his master, the bishop. The saint could not brook such a delay. On the spot he took off a portion of his upper clothing and presented it to the petitioner. Soon after this, the archdeacon came into the bishop's apartment to tell him that the people were waiting in the church for mass to begin. The holy man, dissembling what he had done, replied that he could not go into the church until the poor man

had been clad. Whereupon the deacon informed him that the beggar was not in sight, and could not be found. "Bring me," replied St. Martin, "the garment that is ready to hand: there will be no lack of a poor man to clothe." The clerks fetched a garment that was short and coarse, from the nearest shop, and, not in the best of humours, put it before him, with the words, "Here's the garment, but no poor man." The saint then signified to the clerks to leave the apartment; and when they had done so, he put it on his own body, in place of the finer one that he had given to the beggar. Clad in this, he marched to the altar.

During the mass which he celebrated, at the time when he was blessing the altar (Venantius Fortunatus says, when he was making the sign of the cross over the chalice—*signando calicem*), a ball of fire was seen to gleam (*emicare*) from his head, and rise on high, drawing a long train of light after it. This miraculous occurrence was witnessed by one priest, one virgin, and three monks, who wondered at the prodigy.

The portion of clothing which the saint had given to the beggarman was a small *capa*, called a *capella*; and in respect for the saint, and in commemoration of this miracle, was ever looked upon as a holy relic of the saint. It was most religiously and reverentially kept in the palace of the French kings as a sacred deposit. So holy, indeed, was the estimation in which it was held, that solemn oaths were taken upon it by the great men of the kingdom.

The sacred ministers in whose charge this *capella*, or small garment, was kept, together with other relics of saints, whether in the royal palaces or in battle, were thence called *capellani*; and within a short time any sacred vessels were called by the same name of *capella*, for many such vessels were kept in the oratories belonging to the palaces. Gradually, even chambers set apart for preserving important documents, diplomas, royal acts, and such like papers of moment, received the same designation; and, by an easy transition, the word *capella* was used simply as the name of a building in which any sort of relics were deposited.

From these uses of the word, it is plain how easily it could pass to its present meaning as a *chapel*. The ecclesiastical meaning of *capella* was more commonly this: a small sacred building, or oratory, which had not its own assigned priests; or a sacred building not used for baptismal purposes. It is from the use of the word with this signification that we have received our English word *chapel*. Now, indeed, the signification is not so limited as it was three centuries ago, though the word *chapel* still conveys to us a different sense to that of the word *church*. And we see the reason of this difference.

Such is the history of the word *chapel* as given by the best philologists and antiquarians; a history, we venture to say, at once curious and interesting. How little, as we have used the word, have we thought that originally it meant the *little cape* of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours!



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